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The Week

IF the latest charges against him are upheld, Mr. William J. Burns, former head of the investigation bureau of the Department of Justice, will have forfeited all claim to the respect of honest Americans. The sensation of last week's developments in the Fall-Sinclair trial was Mr. Burns' allegation that the government had tampered with one of the jurors. This charge was supported by an affidavit from a Burns' operative, hired by Harry Sinclair's associates to shadow the juror in question. This Burns detective now comes forward in the role of government witness, and says the affidavit was a tissue of lies from beginning to end, and known to be so by Burns; that it was originally prepared to be held in reserve and used to force a mistrial in case a verdict of guilty were obtained. The Burns man, disgusted at what he had been asked to do, recently appealed for advice to ex-Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania, who put him in touch with counsel for the government; and for some days, including the period in which the false affidavit was made, the operative was every day reporting secretly to the district attorney and openly to Burns.

IF HIS story proves true—and it seems well substantiated—it strongly suggests that the shadowing of the other jurors may also have been for the purpose of getting evidence, real or manufactured, to force a mistrial. In any case, there can be no two views about the introduction of a false affidavit, known to be such, as evidence before a grand jury in one of the most important cases in our history. The oil scandals have become an acid test of American judicial procedure. If Fall, Doheny, Sinclair and Burns can break the law with virtual immunity from punishment, of what use is it to ask poor men to respect the sanctity of judicial procedure?

ORGANIZED labor will take keen interest in the disclosures of Burns' activities in the Fall-Sinclair jury-tampering case, because of Burns' unsavory record as an anti-labor detective. What will interest labor especially is the ease and *sangfroid* with which the Burns organization apparently fabricates false affidavits. This practice not only has a bearing on the credibility of labor-spying agencies in criminal cases, but on the customary procedure in the issuance of anti-labor injunctions during strikes. It will be remembered that temporary injunctions are usually issued on the basis of ex-parte affidavits, made by agents of the employers, alleging violence and intimidation. No chance is offered the union to disprove these allegations until a hearing is granted to determine whether the temporary injunction shall be made permanent, and such a hearing is often delayed until after the strike is over and its economic outcome determined. Yet the allegations form the basis for court orders which not only forbid the practices complained of, but extend to ordinary picketing and otherwise legal union activities. What is easier than for employers to engage detective agencies which will produce the necessary affidavits, and thus enlist the power of the courts on their side in industrial struggles? Here is one more reason why judges, if they wish to hold the balance

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even, should be extremely cautious in the matter of anti-labor injunctions.

THE Hearst newspapers are publishing, with a great flourish, a series of documents which they allege are from the archives of the Mexican National Treasury, and have come into the editor's hands by methods as to which they are discreetly silent. The first of these documents purports to show that in June, 1926, considerable sums of money were paid, on the order of President Calles, to a representative of Dr. Sacasa, leader of the abortive Liberal revolution in Nicaragua, for the purchase of arms and ammunition. Mr. Hearst presents this material as evidence of Mexican hostility toward the United States, a statement which certainly needs some explaining, since in June, 1926, Washington had recognized no government in Nicaragua, and emphatically disapproved of the Chamorro regime, which had come into power by methods discountenanced by the agreement of 1923. The documents have been denounced by President Calles and the Mexican Embassy at Washington as forgeries; but even if they were genuine, we do not see any reason for a display of moral indignation. Mexico recognized Sacasa and loaned or gave him money for the purchase of arms, in June; we recognized Diaz, and loaned him money for the purchase of arms (under terms which practically constituted a gift), in November. Sacasa certainly had a better legal claim to the presidency in June than Diaz had in November. If we reserve the right to make an arbitrary choice of sides in a quarrel in a Latin-American country, and support the side we have selected, why may not Mexico do the same, six months earlier or at any other time?

THE ultimate break has come in the Russian Communist quarrel. The Central Communist Committee has expelled from the party itself Trotsky, Zinoviev, Radek, Kamenev, and nearly eighty other less known members of the Opposition. Those named had already, by successive steps, been made less and less important in the Russian official scheme; henceforth they are only private citizens, of less weight, theoretically, than the 600,000 rank-and-file party members. One of two developments is now probable: either there will be an attempt at a coup d'état, headed by Trotsky, still enormously popular with the masses, or Stalin will move an appreciable distance towards a personal dictatorship on the Mussolini model. What has just happened in Russia is undoubtedly the most important development since the New Economic Policy, and may be of even greater significance for the future.

SUCH remnants of universal suffrage as still exist in Italy are now to be abolished. In future, the franchise will be limited to Fascists and "certain other categories of producers," of whom it may safely be assumed that they will be few and timid. Only one ticket will be permitted—the Fascist—the candidates being nominated by the local Fascist groups and the lists then revised by the central authority. The members of the Senate will continue to be "chosen" by the King, after being nominated by the government. The new arrangements make only technical alterations of the existing situation. Local elections for municipal officers had already been abolished, and all opposition driven underground. Not even in Russia is criticism of the government dealt with so harshly. Since all observers are agreed that Mussolini is in no danger of being overthrown, the new measures must be the result, not of necessity, but of choice. He is determined to stamp out all vestiges of that delusion and menace, democracy.

THE admirals are at it again. Rear-Admiral Thomas P. Magruder, of the American Navy, lately removed from his post at Philadelphia because of his criticism of the Department's waste and inefficiency, says he rejoices at the breakdown of the Geneva conference, and regrets the agreement of 1921 that the United States shall construct no fortifications in the Western Pacific. In England, another admiral, Lord Wester Wemyss, former First Sea Lord, has demanded that Great Britain denounce the Declaration of Paris, of 1856, and in future exercise her "ancient historic right" to search neutral ships at sea during wartime and confiscate merchandise destined for enemy countries. The sentiments of both these admirals undoubtedly represent the views of the military men of their respective countries, and both are repudiated by the press and public opinion. There is this difference between them, however, that the United States is very unlikely to build fortifications in the Western Pacific or repudiate the agreement of 1921, while in any future conflict Great Britain will probably abandon the Declaration of Paris, as she virtually did during the World War. While her naval experts harp persistently on safeguarding the United Kingdom's lines of communication, as the excuse for a big navy, there is no doubt that they also propose to shut off commerce with any belligerent, whether by enemy or neutral vessels. Herein lies the most dangerous of possible disputes with the United States, and the matter as to which an understanding between the two powers is most urgently necessary.

THE sixth Pan-American Congress, which meets in Havana on January 16, is likely to be the most important gathering ever held in this hemisphere, with the exception of the Washington Conference of 1921. Latin-American distrust of the purposes of the United States, and dislike of what the southern republics feel to be our arrogant and dictatorial methods, has been coming to a head. The feeling is likely to find expression at the forthcoming meeting in a demand for some sort of mutualization of rela-

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tionships, involving a suggestion that the Monroe Doctrine should no longer be regarded strictly as a unilateral policy of the United States, which the rest of America must accept willy-nilly. This movement will, of course, be resisted by our government, though there are faint stirrings of a new moderation and enlightenment on this subject in our State Department. This development, and the importance of the occasion, are signalized both by the fact that President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg will be present, and by the character of the American delegation, which will include as chairman former Secretary of State Hughes, and Ambassadors Morrow and Fletcher, President Wilbur of Stanford University, head of the Institute of Pacific Relations, James Brown Scott, of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace; Dr. Leo S. Rowe, director-general of the Pan-American Union; former Senator Underwood, and former Judge Morgan J. O'Brien of New York, an authority on international law.

GOVERNOR Smith, after having paraded as a presidential candidate for many months, has finally expressed an opinion upon one controverted question of national policy. He has, in principle, joined the band of tax-reformers who are now laboring in Washington to effect the repeal of the federal estate-tax, though he favors postponing the repeal until 1931. His reason, apparently, is that the taxation of inheritances is a matter of "states' rights" with which the federal government should not interfere. It is depressing to find the probable Democratic candidate for President satisfying his mind with this kind of reasoning. The distribution of the sources of taxation between the state and the nation is not a matter of right. It is a matter of convenience. Tariffs are federal because they must be imposed on all goods which enter into commerce of all the states. Real-estate taxes are used to provide state and municipal revenue because real estate, as a form of property, is subject to local conditions and control. But income and inheritances provide proper matter for both state and federal taxation. State taxation of inheritances can be effective only within obvious limits. The object of the present campaign to abolish federal estate-taxes is not that of providing state revenue from this resource but that of evasion of such taxes by millionaires who establish residences in inheritance-tax-free states like Florida. It is a pity that the Governor's first essay in national politics should commit him to the support of such an unprogressive and shabby cause.

NOTHING in the way of organized propaganda for legislation favorable to special interests has recently outdone the effort to dragoon Congress into repealing the federal estate-tax. Mr. J. A. Arnold, the moving spirit of the "taxpayers' league" which is the forefront of the movement, recently admitted on the stand that he receives a salary of $1,000 a month for his services, and has an extensive payroll throughout the country, though he refused to state who furnished the money. About two hundred state legislators came to Washington to emphasize the plea that the federal government, by maintaining the tax, is infringing on the rights of the states: this flank attack was obviously more effective than a direct offensive would have been. Yet its force was impaired when the discovery was made that the expenses of most of these legislators had been paid from an unknown source, and that they were lavishly entertained in Washington. Nobody should be denied the right of stating his case before a congressional committee; but the public should bear in mind that indirect pressure of this sort, paid for by presumably interested persons who do not themselves appear, is not very convincing. The interests of the general public are not so organized and so represented. The only force which can stiffen the backs of Congressmen who sincerely believe in this most just of all taxes is a determination of the average voter to support in the primaries and at the polls any representative who may be marked for sacrifice by his opposition to organized wealth in this matter.

THE election results throughout the country may be susceptible of some broad general interpretation, but we are unable to think of any. The Democrats won in New York State, as there was every reason to suppose they would; and the Vare machine was triumphant in Philadelphia, which was likewise not unexpected. In Pennsylvania the Democrats failed as completely as they succeeded in New York, and despite an exceptional opportunity. In Detroit a dry was elected mayor over a wet candidate, but by a narrow margin; in Ohio an Anti-Saloon League proposal was defeated, but it was of such an obnoxious character that many besides the wets must have voted against it. The Kentucky election brought into power a governor who is in favor of horse racing, but other issues were also involved. Washington observers say that the renewed evidence of Smith's strength in New York greatly enhances the likelihood that he will obtain the Democratic nomination, and that the Republicans are now looking for the man who has the best chance of carrying New York against him—i. e., Coolidge if possible, and if not, then Hughes rather than Hoover, Dawes or Lowden. But the conventions are still some distance away, and the attitude of the West cannot be ignored. As for Governor Smith, despite his excellent qualities, his highest merit is still the lack of anybody else to make the race: and that is a factor that has not been affected by the election result.

ELSEWHERE in this issue, we publish an article by Dr. John Dewey analyzing, from their report, the state of mind of the members of Governor Fuller's advisory committee in the Sacco-Vanzetti

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case. The New Republic offers no apologies for returning to the discussion of this matter, about which so many millions of words have been printed. As time passes, it is seen more clearly that the report of the advisory committee, which was designed to resolve all doubts as to the justice of the execution, has entirely failed to do so. Thousands of persons who read it with an open mind, hoping that its contents would prove conclusive, found to their dismay that, on the contrary, it was filled with what seemed to them serious inconsistencies and misstatements, and was marked by a display of overwhelming prejudice. Since it appeared, no word in defense of the document has ever been uttered by the members of the committee, or by Governor Fuller. The series of questions asked by the New Republic on the eve of the execution has gone unanswered. We wish to reiterate our belief that Messrs. Lowell, Stratton and Grant continue to stand before the bar of public opinion. Unless they can answer satisfactorily the results of the analysis made by Dr. Dewey, and the similar statements coming from other sources, confidence in their intellectual integrity can no longer be entertained.

OSCAR SLATER, center of what is often called "the British Sacco-Vanzetti case," has been released. Eighteen years ago, he was sent to prison for the murder of a woman in Glasgow, having been convicted on flimsy circumstantial evidence. The court originally sentenced him to death, but at the last moment, after a petition had been presented, signed by 20,000 persons who believed there was substantial doubt of his guilt, he was given life imprisonment instead. In the intervening period, many well known persons have interested themselves in his behalf, and several books have been written about the case. Americans, naturally, will compare the procedure in his affair with that in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. The officials in England had some regard for the aroused conscience of the nation. They recognized the possibility of error and left the door open for a future act of at least partial atonement for the miscarriage of justice. Governor Fuller had no regard for the conscience of the nation, or the world. He put to death the victims of Massachusetts injustice, and if in the future they should be proved innocent, as Slater has been, no restitution is possible.

IN VIEW of the fact that a bitter strike for union wages, led by the I. W. W., and combatted, so far unsuccessfully, by means of wholesale arrests and all the power of public and private police, is now in progress in the Colorado coal mines, the following brief chronology is interesting:

1913 A strike of Colorado coal miners under the A. F. of L. United Mine Workers was brutally suppressed, with violence and bloodshed, causing much public scandal.

1915 The Rockefeller-owned Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, the largest coal producer in the state, refusing to deal with the union, introduced its plan of "employee representation" to prevent future unrest and strikes and quell the public criticism.
Later, the state passed an act forbidding strikes and lockouts until after a commission had investigated and reported on the dispute.

1919 The Colorado coal miners joined the national strike of the United Mine Workers.

1921 The Colorado coal miners again struck, against a wage reduction which the company had said was "voluntarily accepted" through the representation scheme.

1924 The Russell Sage Foundation, after exhaustive investigation, reported that the Rockefeller plan had failed in its pretension to introduce any measure of "industrial democracy."

1927 The Russell Sage Foundation, after exhaustive investigation of the Canadian Disputes Act, which furnished the model for the Colorado act, reported that it had failed as a compulsory measure to prevent strikes.

1927 Another strike in Colorado, this time under radical leadership.

The plain lesson of this record is that the way to industrial peace lies not through anti-unionism and prohibitory legislation, but through the recognition of the union and the encouragement of coöperation for mutual benefit.

THE people of Haiti are to vote in January on several amendments to their constitution, some of which would seem to be of an undesirable character. The clause providing guarantees of freedom to the press is altered to read "freedom of the press is guaranteed, subject to conditions determined by law," which would give the Haitian President, his Council of State, and the Americans who are the real rulers of Haiti, the right to muzzle the press as they saw fit. Another amendment would empower the government to suspend the right of jury trial to political offenders and editors of papers. A third proposal would reduce the tenure of Supreme Court judges from life to ten years, and make all members subject to removal from office.

Realistic Liberalism

THE New Republic has received so many letters which found fault with its answer of October 26 to a "Militant Socialist" that it seems worth while to carry the inquiry somewhat further. Two of the more interesting of these letters are published in the page of correspondence. They both express, from different points of view, a similar discontent with the article. They both call attention to the lack, in our criticism of militant socialism and in our warning to liberals, of a "single concrete suggestion," and one of them associates this deficiency with an historic infirmity of liberal thinkers and

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oliticians. They have always, according to Mr. Arthur Johnson, "been short on a tangible plan of action."

The deficiency in the article to which our correspondents have called attention was obvious, and perhaps serious, but at any rate it was intentional. We avoided "concrete suggestions" and "tangible plans of action" deliberately—almost, if you please, maliciously. It was our object to provoke this particular criticism, and Mr. Johnson's grin does not look as sardonic to us as it did to him. According to his reading of history, liberalism has lacked a definite practical program throughout the whole of its career, but he must, in that case, have read history through a pair of capitalist or socialist spectacles. As we read the record, liberals have always risked too much of the prestige and success of their work on concrete legislative programs which could be promptly and completely realized by political agencies. The American liberals who founded the Republic devised a compromise between unionism, local self-government, democracy and legally guaranteed individual rights, which was, to a large extent, embodied in the federal system and which is still considered to be essentially satisfactory by many Jeffersonian Democrats. The early British liberals promulgated a similarly definite program, consisting of the abolition of political privilege, adult male suffrage, free trade and anti-imperialism, which they more or less imposed on their government. The liberals of our own generation have interested themselves chiefly in programs of social and economic engineering, which departed from the bias of their predecessors in favor of *laissez-faire,* but which as plans of action have sufficiently proved their availability and realism. It would be easy enough to produce a modified version of this program now and to urge good citizens to support it, on the ground that its realization would neutralize the class struggle. But while it would be easy to do this, and in part desirable, liberals, if they did nothing else, would, from our point of view, fail to understand the cause of their increasing ineptitude. What liberals need is not a new concrete political or social program. They need a new evaluation of all programs, a new attitude towards them and a new method of giving reality to them.

These liberal programs have all suffered from a weakness which accounts, at least in part, for the danger to which the liberal state is now exposed from fascism and communism. Although liberalism was fundamentally an attempt to give increasing dignity, enlightenment and fulfillment to human life, it has moved towards its goal almost entirely by trying to improve the political and economic environment of modern men and women. Its program called for the services of expert political or social engineers and invoked the legislative power of the State to put the program, which might be either negative or positive, into effect. But in all its efforts, it assumed that an improvement of the conditions in which people lived would liberate a corresponding moral and intellectual energy in the people themselves. From this point of view, liberalism was a well intentioned but inconsiderate attempt to redeem human nature without asking human beings to participate in their own redemption, except by devising social programs, winning elections, passing laws, inventing more machines and increasing individual and social capital. They were never asked to revolutionize and reform the inside of their own minds or to ponder what, if any, the relation might be between political self-government and individual self-government. They have rarely asked the question whether a liberated society, in which there was little or no oppression, no privation and no monopoly of power, wealth and comfort, might, nevertheless, be composed of extremely cheap individuals.

It is now time to face this doubt. Liberal and democratic institutions are not working any too well. They are not producing a body of intellectual and moral freemen. The American society of today which, in spite of its self-satisfied plutocratic government, is liberal in that it supplies a larger proportion of its citizens with a more favorable environment than any previous commonwealth, is peculiarly lacking in distinguished, independent, invigorating and inspiring personalities. Even those people who labor for the social welfare or agitate for disinterested causes rarely rise above moral and intellectual mediocrity. There is little power, vision or radiation to their busy unselfishness. They have done nothing to themselves which equips them to start the fermentation of life in other people. They are given over entirely to programs, tangible suggestions, committees, surveys and the other vanities of the external social worldliness of today. Unselfish though they be, they are devoid of any impulse or quality that can properly be called religious.

There is a good reason why liberals and, indeed, almost all modern social and political reformers or revolutionists, have tended to dissipate their personalities for the benefit of their causes. Liberalism was, in the beginning, a protest and a reaction against the increasing sterility of puritan Christianity as a way of life. Protestantism, after an early flirtation with the social problem, had been preoccupied exclusively with individual salvation, which the evangelists expected to attain by stimulating the superficial and untrustworthy aspiration of the individual heart and conscience. When, consequently, scientific method brought about an increasing knowledge of the world and of man in relation to nature, it was natural for those who wished to do good here and now to try to dispense entirely with this arbitrary and deluded religious subjectivism. The stage was all set for a purposive experiment in human betterment by improvements in political, economic and social machinery. The spokesmen of religion had themselves left almost entirely unoc-

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cupied the spacious and apparently fertile field of social good works, and it was highly desirable that the field should be occupied and cultivated by enthusiastic, laborious and technically equipped husbandmen. It was desirable also that the cultivators of this rich and almost virgin soil should look askance at the subjectivism of puritan Christianity, and should trust the cause of human liberation to the systematic improvement of political and economic conditions. The new method seemed to remove the labor of human betterment from the realm of ineffective, ignorant and self-involved personal aspiration into the realm of public, coöperative, progressive and semi-scientific social effort. In the circumstances, the liberals, who were the standard-bearers of this cause of secular reconstruction, could hardly fail to overestimate what they could accomplish by improvements in social mechanism. But overestimate it they did. They really evaded the problem of associating human fulfillment with objective truth, by merely externalizing the truth which they sought to unfold. Their real problem was to work into the human heart itself some leaven which could coöperate with and feed upon the increasingly trustworthy knowledge of natural processes. They would be then rediscovering and reinterpreting, in the light and with the assistance of modern secular technology, the Christian affirmation that the Kingdom of God is internal.

What liberals need to practise, then, is some activity of the mind which will increase the adequacy and self-possession of their personal lives while, at the same time, throwing light upon the adjustment of the individual to other individuals and to the world. They would be strictly loyal to the primitive impulse of liberalism if they would inquire, by deliberate experiment, whether methodical and indefatigable curiosity would not serve their purpose. Curiosity of this kind has a certain advantage over specific and tangible plans of action as a means possibly of contributing to human betterment. It does not presume to dictate, as in the past liberals as well as communists and fascists have dictated, what particular rules and plans human beings should follow for the benefit of their own fulfillment. It asks them to discharge and guide their practical activities, less for the purpose of affirming conclusions than for the purpose of discovering new truths about themselves, the mechanism of the world and the paradoxes of human life. Of course, a liberal society cannot carry on its work without setting up and trying out specific programs, but it makes an essential difference whether these specific programs are conceived as agencies of discovery or as in themselves an indispensable part of the mechanism of the good life. Those who take them to be the latter tend to become fanatical about their realization, as the communists are fanatical on behalf of their favorite machinery of dictation. But those who take them to be agencies of discovery save their ardor for the cultivation of an attitude of mind which is too skeptical to dictate, but which is eag to invite and welcome the unfolding of unexpect and unproposed possibilities for human life. Fro their point of view, the most valuable fruit of a experimental plan of action would not be increasi success in accomplishing a particular result. It woul be an increase of self- and other knowledge which would suggest the possibility and prepare the way for further and perhaps still more illuminating adventures in human liberation.

This kind of curiosity should not be confused with the mental activity which a correspondent, who signs himself A. B. H., refers to as open-minded ness. It is characteristic of the open mind to remain accessible to unfamiliar ideas, which is, no doubt, a good thing, but a curiosity which is both indefatigable and methodical would not occupy itself merely with ideas. It would seek nourishment from active participation in every form of experience and action. It would, indeed, imply a renunciation of the intellectualism which has sterilized so much moral and social aspiration, and a substitution for it of a more comprehensive and elementary conscious activity—one which is as essential, as inveterate, as inclusive and as unprejudiced as life itself. The question mark rather than the period would thus supply the formal ending for all individual or social affirmations and experiences. Curiosity of this kind would obtain for those who practised it a moral and religious significance. It might deliver its devotees not merely from the inertia of conclusions but from the bondage to habits and from the illusion of particular desires. They would attach to the act of inquisitive attention as an inexorable accompaniment of their experience a value similar to that which a mystic would attach to his consciousness of ultimate feeling. But instead of losing themselves in an ecstatic communion with God, as the mystic wished to do, they would never cease to carry on their voyage of discovery into their own nature and into the nature of the world. They would act as if their eager and thorough watchfulness were creating or discovering within themselves a photographer of life who would add to the sensitivity of his organic plate the power of *taking* veritable impressions of experience, and of knowing how they were obtained and what they meant.

Liberals are invited, consequently, to repent of their dependence on mechanism and to practise on themselves the faith in enlightenment and seek in themselves the means of enlightenment which has always been their stock-in-trade. A science which deals only in external relationships is merely a delusion to human beings like ourselves, unless they can naturalize some equivalent of its method in their own minds. The doubts and defeats from which liberalism is now suffering are traceable to the neglect by liberals of this truth. Liberal institutions such as democracy, freedom of opinion and government by discussion are suffering from the lack i democratic communities of independence and in

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tegrity of opinion. Opinions about social affairs and projects of social welfare are, and will remain, rationalizations of economic interest or some other mechanism of human behavior unless individuals can neutralize the controlling effect which unconscious motives now exert on their conduct and thinking. It is sheer obscurantism to remain satisfied with liberalism as a matter of old institutions or new plans of social action, as long as liberals themselves fail to understand that, as a consequence of the mechanistic nature of their own programs, they are fulfilling the Marxian theory of human behavior rather than successfully contending against its ultimate victory in practice. The only realistic policy for liberals is to start methodically to stretch and intensify their consciousness in the hope that it will become eventually a more adequate instrument for the watching, the understanding, the unfolding, the harmonizing and the deliverance of their personal lives.

Mr. Eastman on Public Ownership

THE Railway Age in a recent issue performed a public service by calling widespread attention to a remarkable pronouncement by Interstate Commerce Commissioner Joseph B. Eastman on public ownership of utilities. The unofficial organ of the railway companies did not, to be sure, intend to spread Mr. Eastman's views; rather it used the occasion to attempt to weaken the prestige of this commissioner, whose opinions on valuation it heartily dislikes, by implying that a man who believes in public ownership should not sit on a board whose business it is to regulate privately owned railroads. The injustice done to Mr. Eastman's ability and integrity by this comment was atoned for, however, when in a subsequent issue the Railway Age published Mr. Eastman's paper in full. For at least some of those who read it expecting to discover folly and iniquity may come through with a new respect for the author and a larger view of the whole question.

Mr. Eastman's statement formed the minority report of a committee appointed to deal with the subject at the National Association of Railroad and Utilities Commissioners Convention at Dallas, on October 18. The three majority members—Messrs. H. H. Corey of Oregon, Richard T. Higgins of Connecticut and Almon Ing of Missouri—can hardly have taken their task seriously. Their report is a brief document beginning with a repetition of the ritual of present-day business as to the sacred tradition of private enterprise in the United States, and the desirability of the least possible government. It goes on to mention the exploded fallacy that widespread stock distribution s actually bringing about public ownership. It summarizes a partisan report which found a group of publicly owned plants in Massachusetts less efficient than a group of privately owned plants. There is no mention of the relative sizes or other criteria of comparability of the plants in question. The majority commissioners indorse the statement that the only reliable incentive to efficiency is the hope of reward or profit, and note that public officers cannot honestly make profits. One wonders how this statement reflects on their own efficiency —or probity—as public officers charged with the regulation of large corporations.

Mr. Eastman answers the "tradition of private enterprise" argument by quoting the Supreme Court (in Smyth vs. Ames) to the effect that a public utility performs a function of the state, and receives its franchise, right of eminent domain, or other privileges, under the presumption that it can execute the function better than the state can do so itself. The question whether the utility should be publicly owned or operated is one of expediency: it so happens in the United States that such services as roads, bridges, water supply and fire protection are publicly owned and operated, while gas and electric plants, railroads and telephones usually are not. This approach to the matter is well to emphasize, in view of the fact that "aside from religion, there is perhaps nothing that so excites prejudice as the fear of being separated from the opportunity of profit." Bankers, faced with proposals of public ownership, fear for their underwriting fees, officers for their high salaries, directors for their opportunity for speculative gains from inside information, sellers of supplies and services for their market connections—perhaps even regulating commissioners for their jobs. There is every reason to expect a powerful expression of interest in favor of "private initiative" which at its source is not animated by reason.

Mr. Eastman goes on to separate the question of public ownership from that of public operation. One does not necessarily imply the other, and they should, therefore, be considered separately. The Boston subways are a good example of public ownership, with private operation. There was no scandal connected with their construction. The capital was obtained at relatively cheap rates by a public bond issue. It is gradually being retired through a sinking fund. One of the chief objections to private ownership of utilities is that the cost of capital obtained through private flotations is more, and that, under the "fair return on fair valuation" principle of regulation, it is never retired. The public goes on paying return on the entire investment. More than that, the public often pays a return, not merely on the money actually invested, but on a higher value, set by the expensive, controversial and vexatious process of commission control and judicial review. These differences Mr. Eastman believes are decisive as to the desirability of public ownership of new enterprises.

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They are obviously not so when it is proposed that the government acquire utilities already privately owned. It should be particularly noted, therefore, that Mr. Eastman did not declare for public ownership of railroads. As he says later in the report, the conversion of existing privately owned utilities to public ownership or operation is not now supported by public opinion, and adequate preparation for it has not been made and could not be made at present. "We, as public officials . . . ought to do everything in our power to make the present system work as successfully as possible to the public advantage." Any other system will come only by the slow process of evolution.

As to public operation of utilities, the question of efficiency is dominant. Little can be learned from comparing the records of specific publicly operated with privately operated plants, because of incalculable differences in surrounding conditions. It is difficult fairly to compare private plants with each other. It should not be forgotten, however, that there are wide differences of efficiency among the private managements of utilities. Numerous scandalous cases of mismanagement—such as that exposed by the Commission's investigation of the Denver and Rio Grande—are on the record. On general grounds, there are reasons for expecting the profit motive to lead sometimes to inefficiency. The many scattered stockholders of large utility corporations, though they have the hope of gain, cannot manage efficiently—in the nature of the case they cannot exert much influence over management. The management, therefore, tends to become a self-perpetuating group. Such a group may become inefficient, it may even profit more from dishonest practices than from sound practices. Competition may check such tendencies in many fields, but it can scarcely check them in utilities, which are monopolistic. The Interstate Commerce Commission was originally created to curb such practices on the railroads; the records are littered with wreckage from financial frauds. It is significant that, in order to deal with this situation, the public turned to public officials who have no chance to profit except dishonestly.

Regulation, however, in spite of its necessity and its considerable achievements, is not adequate, since it is partial management. It presents the interest of the public after the fact, and in a negative way. It is necessarily cumbersome and slow. Nobody would want now to abolish regulation of utilities. Yet those who administer it are chosen by the same political process which is distrusted as a means of selecting management. In general, the public servants with whom Mr. Eastman has come in contact are devoted and conscientious; the hope of gain is not necessary to call forth splendid services.

It is not argued, either that private management is mainly inefficient or that public management would automatically furnish a perfect performance. There is ground for complaint, however, because, while ingenious efforts are made to correct the faults of private management where they appear, the occasional faults of public management are pictured as inherent and ineradicable, and are used as reasons for never attempting any such thing. If, on any ground, public operation is desirable, the more reasonable attitude would be to strive to make it as efficient as possible. Some of the faults could be corrected by intrusting management to a corporation rather than a bureaucratic organization, the stock of the corporation to be owned by the government, which would appoint the directors. This is the system now employed on the Canadian National Railways and the Boston Elevated. Mr. Eastman would favor, however, the appointment of some directors by other groups having an interest in efficiency, such as the employees and the shippers.

There is a basic ground for wanting the government itself to exercise the functions which belong to it, instead of farming them out for profit. This is the grip which the doctrine of materialism, expressed by the majority commissioners, is fastening on the country. There should be more opportunities for distinguished public careers, not motivated by profit. If the state performed these great services, there would follow an increased respect for government and an improvement of the public service. The necessity for efficiency would help to create it. Even if the effort were attended by shortcomings, it would be better "that this country should struggle towards an ideal than that it should surrender to the baser principle that the public good can only be attained to the extent that it happens to coincide with the ends of private profit."

Argument of this kind cannot be answered by repeating shibboleths, by calling names, by raising hands in horror. It is a courageous and intelligent expression from an experienced public administrator, who has had a rarely equalled opportunity for observation of both government activity and utility affairs. Unlike the Railway Age, we are sorry that there are not more like him on our commissions.

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Psychology and Justice

SACCO and Vanzetti are dead. No discussion of their innocence or guilt can restore them to life. That issue is now merged in a larger one, that of our methods of ensuring justice, one which in turn is merged in the comprehensive issue of the tone and temper of American public opinion and sentiment, as they affect judgment and action in any social question wherein racial divisions and class interests are involved. These larger issues did not pass with the execution of these men. Their death did not, indeed, first raise these momentous questions. They have been with us for a long time and in increasing measure since the War. But the condemnation and death of two obscure Italians opened a new chapter in the book of history. Certain phases of our life have been thrown into the highest of high lights. They cannot henceforth be forgotten or ignored. They lie heavy on the conscience of many, and they will rise in multitudes of unexpected ways to trouble the emotions and stir the thoughts of the most thoughtless and conventional.

I have no intention of entering into a discussion at large of the many things which are revealed in this new chapter. There is one point to which I confine myself, not, seemingly, very large in itself, but momentous in its bearings: the psychology of the dominant cultivated class of the country as revealed in the report of the Fuller advisory committee. Without disrespect to the important activities which are identified with the names of the men who formed the committee, it is no exaggeration to say that their place in the historic memory of mankind will be settled by the document they have written. And in justice to them, the future will recognize that the document is something more than a personal expression; that it is typical and symbolic, a representation of the state of mind that must be widespread in the educated leaders of the American public in the third decade of the twentieth century. Because my purpose is limited, I make no attempt to go outside the record, much less to discuss the innocence or guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti. These matters have been dealt with by more competent hands than mine. The attitude, the mental disposition, of the authors of the report, as exhibited in their report, is my theme.

In discussing this matter, the statement of the method followed by the committee in finding the condemned men guilty gives the base-line. They say: "As with the Bertillon measurements or with finger-prints, no one measure or line has by itself much significance, yet together they may produce a perfect identification; so a number of circumstances—no one of them conclusive—may together make a proof beyond reasonable doubt." In deciding the men guilty, it is not each item by itself in isolation which counts, but the cumulative effect of all in their mutual bearing. I cite this fact, not to question their statement nor to raise the old controversy regarding circumstantial evidence, but because of its significance in connection with the standard adopted and the method pursued by the committee in dealing with other questions. For these other matters are segregated, both at large and in detail; every item and every topic is treated as an isolated thing, to be disposed of by itself without regard to anything else. The cumulative principle is not only disregarded; it is deliberately departed from. Why? Men, especially men of disciplined and cultivated minds, do not reverse their criterion and procedure without a cause.

The evidence for the sweeping statement just made is found, first, in the plan of treatment adopted in general, the framework of the report; second, in the way in which the considerations falling within the first two divisions are broken up and isolated, and third, in the manner of dealing with a fundamentally important question.

The framework of the report is indicated by the following: "The inquiry you have asked the committee to undertake seems to consist of answering the three following questions: (1) In their opinion was the trial fairly conducted? (2) Was the subsequently discovered evidence such that in their opinion a new trial ought to have been granted? (3) Are they, or are they not, convinced beyond reasonable doubt that Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty of the murder?" That the first two of these questions were *elements* in the issue with which the committee had to deal, no one will question. Opinions will differ as to whether or not they were called upon to act as a jury and determine and state their own opinion as to the men's guilt or innocence. This difference will depend upon whether, in the light of the world-wide interest in the trial and conviction, men think that the original question of innocence or guilt had or had not in the course of events become, *for the time being,* secondary to the question of administration of justice.

In any event, the segregation of the first two questions, the treatment of the matters of a fair trial and of newly discovered evidence not as *elements* in the issue, but as independent and isolated issues, accounts for the fact that the main issue, as it stands before the world, is not faced. It is not even mentioned. For that issue is whether, taking *all considerations together,* there was or was not reasonable ground for doubt as to a miscarriage of justice in case of the men's immediate execution. The separate treatment of the questions

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whether the trial already had was fair and whether the newly presented evidence was of value flatly contradicts the cumulative principle accepted and proclaimed in pronouncing the accused guilty. The method fails to face the fact that the two questions have a common and integral bearing upon the main issue, namely, that a miscarriage of justice was reasonably possible if the sentence of death were put into effect forthwith.

The entire procedure was extra-judicial; the very existence of the committee is proof of widely held belief that justice had not, beyond a peradventure, been done; that, irrespective of whether the men were guilty or innocent, there were many circumstances attending the case which indicated that they had not been *proved* guilty. Moreover, any action the committee might recommend, any advice they might give, any conclusions at which they might arrive, were extra-judicial. The governor holds an executive office; he is no part of the judicial system. The appointment of the committee was extra-judicial, and its function was as extra-judicial as its appointment. The governor is entrusted with the task of protecting condemned men against a reasonable degree of a possibility of miscarriage of justice. His is the power to exercise clemency either by pardon or commutation of sentence, not to decide guilt or reverse the action of courts. The office of the committee was to guide the conscience of the governor in the exercise of that function. Why was it, then, that they acted as a jury and as a court, and in so doing adopted strictly legalistic methods of reasoning, even to the point of virtually throwing upon the defense the burden of showing that there was a certainty, not a reasonable possibility, of a miscarriage of justice if the condemned men were at once executed?

Whatever be the answer to this question, the answer to the question as to how they avoided facing the issue is sure. It was done by splitting the issue up into separate questions and disposing of each without any reference to its connection with the others. For, with respect to miscarriage of justice, the question of the old trial and the question of refusal of a new trial in the light of new evidence are, most conspicuously, of a cumulative character. Their net effect, when viewed together, in relation to each other, defined the issue. Why, then, were they treated in complete isolation? The answer can be found only in the attitude with which the issue was approached.

While that attitude is apparent in the framework of the report, with its division into three separate questions, the full force of the isolation in determining the procedure is manifest only when we take up details under the first two heads. By the statement of the report itself, there are six points under each. Are the six points treated as having a force such that, while each by itself is "inconclusive," when taken together they have a probative force as to a reasonable doubt? Such a treatment is not even hinted at. Systematically, each is kept apart from every other, so that the question of cumulative effect may not even arise. The six considerations bearing on the conduct of the original trial include such important points as the bias of the judge, the conduct of the prosecuting attorney in dwelling on the radicalism of the accused, the atmosphere of the court-room, the alleged intervention of federal officials. But each one of these things is taken up as an isolated item, and disposed of in its isolation.

The contrast with the cumulative method used in declaring the men guilty becomes more glaring, the more the details of the two procedures are noted. Under the cumulative procedure, weight is given to the fact that the "general appearance" of Sacco is admittedly "like" that of one of the actual murderers; that his cap bore "a *resemblance* in color and general appearance" to one which he admittedly owned; and that, when arrested, he had in his possession a pistol of the *"kind"* with which the murder was admittedly committed; that, while experts were opposed as to whether the bullet must have been fired from his pistol, the committee are *"inclined* to believe" those who testify it must have been, etc. Try a simple intellectual experiment. What would have become of these separate considerations if the committee had dealt with them by the method of segregation followed in the case of the six considerations adduced to indicate an unfair trial?

There are also six points with respect to the bearing of new evidence upon granting a new trial. One of them was the evidence (not given at the trial), of a bystander, Gould, that the accused men were not the murderers he saw—he being so close to the scene that a bullet passed through his coat lapel. It is also a matter or record that his evidence was not known to the defense at the time of trial. He was known by the prosecution to have been present at the scene of murder, and yet was not called. The committee labor to exculpate the prosecution from the charge of suppression of evidence unfavorable to their case. The method pursued is typical: a highly legalistic argument to whittle down the significance of the admitted facts. Contrast their procedure on this point with that in dealing with a new witness who gave testimony tending to break down Sacco's alibi. Here they remark: "The woman is eccentric, not unimpeachable in conduct; but the committee believes that in *her* case, her testimony is *well worth* consideration." (The italics, naturally, are not in the original text.) But more significant is their comment that Gould's evidence is "merely cumulative," other eye-witnesses having also testified that the murderers were not Sacco and Vanzetti!* They do not stop here. They go on to volunteer the remark that "there seems to

* If it is urged that a court will not grant a retrial on the basis of new evidence that is merely cumulative, the reply hardly helps the case. Since the whole procedure was extra-legal, what is the significance of adoption of a purely legal standpoint?

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be no reason to think that the statement of Gould would have any effect in changing the mind of the jury"! Since they can hardly be supposed to mean that the mind of the jury was impervious to evidence, this assumption of the role of jurors is indicative of the committee's own attitude, all the more so because the remark about a *former* jury is made in the course of discussion of granting a *new* trial!

But this is but one of the six points adduced. Some of the others were the assertion of Madeiros that he was with another gang when it committed the murder; evidence purporting to show marked prejudice on the part of the foreman of the old jury, under two counts; the testimony of one of the experts for the prosecution that, after he had positively refused to say that the fatal bullet was fired from Sacco's pistol, the prosecuting attorney arranged to have him testify that it was "consistent" with having been so fired. The report itself is the most convincing evidence that can be found of the adoption of the non-cumulative method, as well as of the whittling down of each point, in its isolation, to a minimum, together with magnifying to the utmost all new evidence which fell on the other side. Thus the evidence that the rent in the cap which had been employed as part of its identification with Sacco's is disposed of by saying that it is "so trifling a matter in the evidence in the case that it seems to the committee by no means a ground for a new trial"—as if it had been argued that, taken by itself alone, it did afford such a ground. This "trifling" matter ceases to be trifling when taken as evidence of the rejection of any recognition of the cumulative principle. Again, when two new experts testified that the fatal bullet was not fired from Sacco's pistol, and two new ones testified that it was, the committee say that, after examining the photographs, they are led to the conclusion "that the latter present the more convincing evidence." In other words, although the question at issue is whether there was ground for a new trial, with a new jury, the committee themselves assume the function of a jury in dealing with new evidence so as to deny the new trial.

The third phase of self-revelation regarding the antecedent attitude of the committee is found in their method of dealing with the radicalism of the condemned men in its alleged effect upon the jury and judge, a radicalism the more heinous because those who professed it were also foreigners. This is the aspect of the case which loomed largest in public attention and interest—it is the basic cause of the committee's existence. In accepting appointment on Governor Fuller's committee, Messrs. Lowell, Stratton and Grant accepted also a responsibility to a public found in every country of the globe. Their own record manifests the way in which they discharged this responsibility. They admit the radicalism; they admit its prejudicial effect in causing illegal arrests and deportations. But they employ these admitted facts only in order to justify the action of the prosecuting attorney! For he had subjected Sacco to a cross-examination "on the subject of his social and political views [which] seems at first unnecessarily harsh and designed rather to prejudice the jury than for the legitimate purpose of testing the sincerity of his statements thereon." In excusing him, they deny that the proof of radicalism did influence the jury! They also admit the bias of the judge on the basis of "indiscreet" conversations out of court, but assert that his bias was not a factor in the conduct of the trial. And the bearing of radicalism upon the conduct of the accused when arrested is ignored. It is next to a psychological commonplace that men, especially men of trained minds, reason in such an inverted fashion only when influenced by some covert factor.

Here are the facts as written in the report. There is no doubt left of the committee's knowledge of the state of public sentiment at the time of the trial and of their knowledge of its actual (not merely possible) effect in bringing about unjust and illegal action. "There were wholesale arrests of Reds—fortunately stopped by Judge Anderson of the United States Circuit Court—in southeastern Massachusetts." They would hardly have been stopped by the judge and their stoppage have been fortunate, unless they were illegal. Again, "at that time of abnormal fear and credulity, little evidence was required to prove that anyone was a dangerous radical. Harmless professors and students in our colleges were accused of dangerous opinions." The hysteria was so widespread as to extend beyond foreigners and ignorant laborers to college men, teachers and students. And the cross-examination of the prosecuting attorney was of the seemingly harsh and prejudicial character just cited. And it affects the men of the committee as such after a lapse of years in which public opinion has calmed, men who are highly trained, not just the average man such as serves on a jury. Nevertheless, the committee hold that it did not influence the jury living in the midst of the period of fear and credulity, when little evidence was required to convict an accused person of being a Red, and although, instead of little evidence, these jurymen had the fact of radicalism clearly proved, and although they were average men, not trained minds capable of detecting bias and thus, presumably, discounting it!

How is this remarkable result obtained? By two methods, one direct, the other indirect, shifting the issue. The direct procedure lay in questioning the jurors (the ten of them who were accessible) on the subject, and accepting their assurance that they were not influenced by the attitude of the judge and the mode of conduct of the trial. "Each felt sure that the fact that the accused were foreigners and radicals had no effect upon his opinion." These men, in other words, are now sure, an assurance which the committee fully accepts in the most important phase of the trial, that *they*

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were immune to the prevailing contagion of "fear and credulity," and immune although they had not "little evidence" but convincing proof of "dangerous opinions." Believe it he who can. And disbelief does not involve doubt as to the good faith of any juror in making the statement he made. If, in such an atmosphere, they had been aware of the influence of this force upon their beliefs, they would have been extraordinary men, even more unusual than the members of the committee. If they had been aware of the influence working upon them, they would have been in a position to discount it. Moreover, their statement is made after a period of years, during which their conduct has been the subject of ardent controversy and themselves the object of bitter criticism, so that all their defense mechanisms have been called into action. But the committee accepts their assurance at full value! The committee's belief that the admitted bias of the judge outside the court-room was dropped by him in the court-room, as he might shed an overcoat when he donned judicial robes, evinces an equal disregard of elementary psychological factors.

More self-revealing still is the committee's procedure with reference to the "consciousness of guilt" alleged by the prosecution to be proved by the false statements the prisoners made when arrested. The defense contended their false statements were due to consciousness that they were radicals and foreigners and were due to fear of arrest and deportation. The committee first excuses the seemingly harsh and prejudicial examination of the prosecuting attorney, on the ground that it was necessary for him to test the sincerity of their professed radicalism as explaining their behavior upon arrest. Then not only are the committee certain that the proof the defendants sincerely held these views had no weight with the jury's opinion, but they turn the proof, not to support the men's own explanation of their conduct, but as consistent with, if not actual evidence of, consciousness of guilt! The method by which this is done is perhaps the most extraordinary thing in an extraordinary document.

The argument goes: It was the defendants themselves, when on trial, who made clear their radical views. When they were arrested, there was "in the case of Sacco, no certainty that he held any such views. The United States authorities who were hunting for Reds had found nothing that would justify deportation or any other proceedings against these men." Although there were wholesale arrests, "these men had not been arrested."

Hence the justification of the prosecuting attorney in a seemingly harsh and prejudicial manner of prosecution—which, nevertheless, did not prejudice men at a time of fear and credulity. Moreover, while establishment of the fact that they were radicals, and were arrested at a time of wholesale illegal arrests and deportations, justifies the prosecuting attorney, it has no weight in contravention of the theory of "consciousness of guilt" as displayed upon arrest. The implication is that, instead of acting upon their own knowledge that they were obnoxious radicals, they should have acted upon the lack of certain knowledge on the part of the authorities!

In comparison with the force of elementary psychological considerations, it may seem to weaken the case to refer to another incidental fact. The committee's sole reference to the conduct of Mr. Thompson is that, upon occasion, his conduct indicated that "the case of the defense must be rather desperate" for him to resort to the tactics attributed to him. Well, events, in which the committee had their share, indicate that the plight of the defendants was indeed desperate; and Mr. Thompson, above all others, had occasion to realize how tragically desperate. But, quite apart from the committee's own conviction of the guilt of the accused, it was known to them that Mr. Thompson was equally convinced of their innocence; that he was conservative in his social and political views; that, at great sacrifice of time, of social and professional standing, he had made a gallant fight for the accused out of jealous zeal for the repute of his own state for even-handed justice. Yet their sole reference to him is by way of a slur. I see but one explanation of such lack of simple and seemingly imperative generosity of mind.

One is profoundly humiliated at the revelation of an attitude which, it is submitted, the record amply sets forth, the record placed before the bar of history. The sense of humiliation is akin to that of guilt, as if for a share in permitting such a state of mind as is exhibited in the record to develop in a country that professes respect for justice and devotion to equality and fraternity. JOHN DEWEY.

An English Dayton

A STUDENT of the variation of species would find a tempting subject for study in the behavior of the two English-speaking nations under the shock of a challenge to their traditional religious beliefs. We in England have just come through a crisis which faintly recalls the much noisier affair that centered in Dayton. I may be wrong in thinking that the dust raised by our Bishop Barnes is settling already, and that the storm is over; but, while it lasted, it was, by our insular standards, a hot and passionate dispute. I incline to think that you came out of the test with rather more credit than we. You would not respect me if I seemed to flatter. Superficially, we seem to have the advantage. We have shown ourselves incomparably more tolerant. The debate on this side of the Atlantic turns on a much less elementary issue; we are, in such matters, a generation ahead. Moreover, we carry on our controversies without the distorting distractions which the artists in mass-publicity and advertisement introduced into your dispute.

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Our manners are quieter: our temperament is cooler.

But if these points are in our favor, they seem to me to be more than balanced by a very grave failure. In spite of a surging impulse of intolerance, in spite of all the comical extravagance of the experts in publicity, you did argue out your controversy. There was formal and elaborate debate, in your courts of law and elsewhere. Neither in the press, nor in court, nor at public meetings, did you shirk the real theoretical issue in dispute. The American public listened to a full discussion of the meaning of evolution and the Darwinian theory. We, on the other hand, burked the theoretical issue. We witnessed a spectacular protest against the audacity of Bishop Barnes. We carried on a hot dispute, in pulpits and in the press, about his controversial methods and manners. We wrote, at some length, about the tolerance which permits the Anglican Church to fold to her bosom men of the most various convictions. With her left arm she may embrace rationalists; with her right, Catholics. We expect them to rest together on her breast without quarreling. We said that we did not want to discuss Darwinism, because we all accepted it. But the real matter in dispute, the bearing of anthropological discovery on the origin and meaning of the Sacraments—that we refused, with almost unbroken unanimity, to discuss at all. The Catholics tried to silence Dr. Barnes; he declared his resolve to go on speaking the truth as he saw it; the Archbishop of Canterbury advised him, in a letter of gentle irony, to speak it with less crudity and more charity; and so the controversy ended. From first to last, no one discussed, or wanted to discuss, the bearing of anthropology on the Sacraments. I noticed only one editorial which even mentioned it, and it was content with two sentences. I fancy that I was the only writer who did discuss it at length, and I wrote over my own signature in a Socialist weekly, which announced that I spoke only for "myself." I am not sure how one should interpret this curious silence. Are we ignorant? Are we shocked? Are we simply indifferent? At all events, we do not publicly debate our doubts and convictions as you did, and, to my thinking, this is vastly to our discredit. One respects a man who has the courage to believe. One respects a man who has the sincerity to deny. But a nation which neither believes nor denies, and prefers twilight and muddle, is in danger of losing its intellectual muscles.

The facts about this smothered controversy are soon recorded. Dr. Barnes has risen rather rapidly in the hierarchy; he is an able man who writes well and vigorously, a mathematician with a record which admitted him to membership in the Royal Society. As Master of the Temple (a church which many barristers attend) he was forced, during the War, to realize that science and the modern outlook had sapped the beliefs of educated men, even when they retained their sentimental loyalty to the national Church. He devoted himself, accordingly, to a re-interpretation of dogma in the light of scientific knowledge. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald promoted him to the Bishopric of Birmingham, a modern see, where men retain a lively and grateful recollection of their first bishop, Charles Gore, a man who combines a lovable personality and a brave and liberal interest in social problems with faith in the theology of the High Church. In his new sphere, Dr. Barnes continued to preach boldly, using, as is his wont, plain words. He is not conspicuous for tact, and many of his flock were doubtless prejudiced against a nominee of a Socialist Prime Minister. He expounded Darwinism in a series of discourses which came to be known as "the gorilla sermons"; he brought anthropology to bear on the origin of the Sacraments and the doctrine of Transubstantiation; he told the extremer Anglo-Catholics (who come so near to holding that doctrine that plain men can discern no difference) that they are no better than Hindu idolators.

The Anglo-Catholics of his own diocese were soon in angry revolt, and the "scandal," as they called it, was grave enough to enlist the concern of their party elsewhere, and to provoke the comments of the religious press. But Dr. Barnes was not without his friends and admirers, and he was invited to preach, first, in Westminster Abbey and then in the Cathedral of St. Paul's. The Westminster sermon was as challenging as any that had preceded it, and the result was that some of the more impatient of the Anglo-Catholics determined to make an organized protest in St. Paul's. Hardly had Dr. Barnes mounted the pulpit, when a certain Canon Bullock-Webster, who was in the congregation, threw off his overcoat, and strode forward, wearing his surplice. A bodyguard of sturdy laymen accompanied him, and he managed to read a long protest. He then withdrew, taking two hundred, or, as some say, five hundred, of the congregation in his wake, who joined him in celebrating a "Mass of Reparation" in a neighboring church. The protest declared that it was an "indignity to Almighty God, and a scandal and offense to the faithful" that Bishop Barnes should preach in the national cathedral, and went on to demand that he should be "tried for heresy" and "cast out of the Church of God."

In an interview after this scene, the angry Canon explained that his protest was not directed against Dr. Barnes' views on evolution: these seemed to him harmless and inoffensive. He protested solely against his "attacks on the Sacraments." This was interesting, for clearly the Canon is not a man with a modern outlook, nor is he gifted with shining intellectual parts. The fact is (as the comments of the church papers showed) that the High Church has no objection even to the most radical opinions on evolution. If any section of the religious public in England is still sensitive about Darwinism, it is to be found outside the Established Church, in the more obscure of the non-conforming sects, or else in the Low Church, a party which, in our genera-

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tion, has dwindled, alike in numbers and in influence, almost to insignificance. In our day, the High Church (there are, of course, many levels of "height") is the dominant party; the "Broad" Church may survive through the conspicuous ability of some of its adherents, but it lacks the zeal and organization of its rival.

It is easy to understand the attitude of the High Church in this matter. The Bible was never its sheet anchor. When it realized that science had rendered the Mosaic mythology obsolete, it ceased to believe in the inspiration of Hebrew literature (or gave to "inspiration" some attenuated meaning), and it felt no grave embarrassment at the loss. For it retained what alone it seriously wished to retain. It kept its belief that God reveals Himself directly in the daily miracle of the Mass, and in interpreting this miracle, it relied (as it would have chosen to rely), less on the Gospels than on the traditions of the Church. It could afford a kindly smile for the memory of Charles Darwin: the blow which he dealt struck the Low Church and the Protestants rather than the High Church and the Catholics. The more intimate and dangerous enemy was clearly Sir James Frazer. And so it happened that our ritualistic Canon made his protest to save the Sacraments rather than the Bible. Like the Spanish knights who used to "break a lance" in defense of the Immaculate Conception, our modern Canon brawled to defend the Real Presence.

The dispute which followed this angry opening has not been fruitful. Dean Inge published a brief but stinging rebuke to the Canon. Dr. Barnes then assumed his congenial posture; he returned to the aggressive. In an open letter, addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, he briefly re-asserted his reliance on anthropology, and repeated his attack on the doctrine of the Real Presence. The Archbishop's reply was, in its way, a masterpiece. It briefly rebuked the Canon; it lengthily rebuked the Bishop, though in the gentlest language. It conveyed, rather than asserted, that it is no longer worth while to argue about evolution, everyone accepts it; it re-affirmed the Protestant denial of Transubstantiation, but it pleaded for tolerance. It ignored anthropology altogether. So, with the practical wisdom of a very old man, who is also an experienced statesman, the dangerous controversy was smothered. Nothing was left to discuss, unless, indeed, anyone wished to defend the Bishop's manners. And that none of us wished to do, for, frankly, they are not his strong point.

How perfectly English, how deadly respectable it all was! "Say what you please," seemed to be the conclusion, "say it, if you must, in church, but take care to say it in a quiet and cultured tone." Heresy begins when one raises one's voice above the level sanctioned by good manners. The Bishop made a valiant effort to keep an interesting controversy alive. He wrote another letter and repeated his fatuous suggestion that the consecrated bread and wine of the Eucharist should be subjected to microscopic or chemical analysis, to ascertain whether a physical change had taken place. But even he did not venture to mention anthropology again. Answer there was none. The storm is over. There will be no trial for heresy. The Bishop remains a bishop; the Canon remains a canon. The offending sermons remain in print; the Mass of Reparation still reverberates in the distant ether, and England is England still.

Everything, in short, is settled, save the only thing that mattered. Comparative anthropology has thrown its light on the Church's belief in the divine sacrifice of the Mass, much as comparative anatomy threw its light on the myth of creation. Frazer's "Golden Bough" has revealed the descent of religions, precisely as Darwin's work revealed the descent of man. We know (if I may offend good manners by plain words) that primitive savages and early civilizations alike practised a ritual which rested on the belief that their god must be killed and eaten. That is evident in all that we know or guess about totems and the rites of stone-age hunters. It is evident in every intelligent reconstruction of the faiths of the East, which competed with early Christianity. Through three hundred centuries man seems to have woven magic into his sacraments, and one thread runs through all his weaving—this notion that the god must die, and that his votaries, actually or symbolically, must partake of him. Is Catholic ritual an exception to this generalization? To this question, educated opinion in this country withholds its answer. Brave men continue to celebrate the sacrifice of the Mass. Prudent men follow Dr. Barnes, eliminate from the ritual the last traces of ancestral magic, and are content to say that in the Communion they draw grace from the presence in their minds of the immortal Galilean. So do we agree to differ. We kneel at one altar, while some of us hear Mass and the rest of us join in Communion. Are we tolerant, or are we, in plain language, at once lazy and timid in our good manners?

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London.

The City Built with Music

And so the trumpets braying in his ears
All day drowned out the music that had been
Weaving a false enchantment through the years
When only wind and sky had walled him in.
Jericho fallen lay about his feet
Invisible wreckage of too frail a cast
For grieving over—many a golden street
Lost in the twilight, reverently passed.

A city built with music? Domes that held
The sunset colors, windows lit with flame?
Towers of alabaster, silver-belled? . . .
Across the level earth he heard his name
Mingled with brass. But they could never hear
That other sound, like silence, drawing near.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

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Cohan, Shaw and Richards

"THE MERRY MALONES" is confidently recommended to all orders of musical-playgoers but one, and its title will warn off that one. Its high spirits are surpassed only by those of "Good News," and scarcely equalled in "Hit The Deck," and its flavor of sustained farce cannot be tasted elsewhere. The heaviest stage detective, at his most melodramatic places, suddenly breaks down and takes to song-and-dance, and the characters generally, at the most unexpected moments, take the house into their confidence to pass their opinions of their lines and of the plot. The resulting atmosphere of blithe unconcern is that of the dress rehearsal for a benefit. This could be ruinous, and that it is the reverse gives a hint of what it means to be absolutely at home in "theater," as is George Cohan. He wrote the book, the lyrics and all the songs; he plays an important part, and everything he does is right. It is not that the plot is a great one, for it is as full of hokum as the theater is of customers. None of the songs need be mentioned save one nice old-fashioned waltz, "Easter Parade," for the very pleasant score seems to have been quite frankly assembled from anything that came handy, from Cohan's own "Over There" to "Adeste Fideles." The two most pretentious massed scenes raise the question whether their creator was not also the father of Sherry's candy boxes. But all this is quite immaterial, save as it helps to make the show funnier. The best moments are those occupied by the frantic dances of little Mary Jane; the scene in the Bronx Express; the square in the wilds of the Bronx with Malones and Rosinskys in the windows to right and left and a terrific brass band heaving into sight; half an hour of opera bouffe in the second act; and any of the moments when Mr. Cohan himself is visible. Sarah Edwards as Mrs. Malone, Polly Walker as Molly, Robinson Newbold as the perfectly ridiculous millionaire, "Mr. Westcott"—it is a grand cast, but so long as it includes the world's greatest Chesterfield-overcoat dancer, he will steal its applause.

One finds it easier to say that "The Five-O'Clock Girl" is a huge success than to urge everyone to see it. The cast is a brilliant one, but for the most part so tied down by plot and part that it finds little chance to show its prize wares; especially is this true of the comic singer and eccentric dancer, Pert Kelton. The chorus works hard (on the feminine side it looks pretty hard, too), but it has little out of the ordinary to do, and is so numerous as to tend to get in its own way. Harry Ruby's best song, "Up In The Clouds," is a full grade below his two best in last year's "The Ramblers," while the hit, "Thinking of You," is reminiscent of Thomé's "Under the Leaves"; smart Broadway tunes, really, ought not to smell of the old parlor music-album. Yet, thanks to expert rather than inspired writing, and by grace of first-rate presentation, the score is undoubtedly an asset. Again, Miss Kelton has her chance before the final curtain, and stops the show with her Meller burlesque; and so have Shaw and Lee. The fairy godmother of these two low comedians was no less frugal than benevolent: at their christening she simply dropped them on their heads, and now they bid fair to make their fortunes. Louis John Bartels, as the valet, is the Show-Off all over again, with a new catch-line but the same laugh. Miss Mary Eaton's talents have become so manifold that until the crowded second act one almost forgets she entered public life by way of the ballet. But of all the evening's performances, one only is too finished, too entirely professional and right, to imagine in other hands, and that is Mr. Oscar Shaw's. Shaw flirting with the showgirls, slipping delightedly into a new passion, recalling that the stuff he wrote to last year's sweetheart is still outstanding; Shaw suspicious; in little harmless rages; Shaw, in response to the multitudinous assorted shocks of life in a farce, startling like a cat into every shade of appropriate emotion from faint alarm to wildest horror; all most elegant and all strictly on the surface; the pattern of the frivolous, well fed, well bred and slightly inbred hero. For a "heavy," with a good voice and figure and a glossy pompadour, to have the light, sure touch of a comedian as well, is too rare and happy a coincidence to be overlooked by the ticket agencies, and in Shaw should the hopes and fears of "The Five-O'Clock Girl'" chiefly repose.

"A Connecticut Yankee" is the first genuinely musical comedy of the season, the first, in fact, since "Hit The Deck"; and its best song, named "Thou Swell," is as cunning, capricious and infectious a tune as has reached New York since Gershwin's "Fascinating Rhythm." This, and two other numbers, unexpectedly inflame the spectators more than the supposed certain hit, "My Heart Stood Still," which is already a huge success in London, and which Mr. Ziegfeld alternately admits and denies having tried to buy for the Follies. Of the other favored two, however, "On a Desert Isle with Thee" is primarily a production number, while "I Feel at Home with You" would make less impression were it not sung and danced to by June Cochrane. The song that brings the overstuffed royalty statements is the simple adhesive affair with one new quirk, that starts whistling itself after a few hearings; and such is "My Heart Stood Still," which would have had a better chance at the Vanderbilt Theater with a first-rate orchestra, and announced in a voice that did not aptly suggest a Connecticut Yankee nutmeg-grater. This score is the work of Richard Rodgers, who has teamed with Lorenz Hart (as smart a lyric writer as these states can boast) since they collaborated on undergraduate shows at Columbia. It does not sustain the level of Rodgers' score in "Peggy-Ann," but any other now audible in Manhattan is, by comparison, hack-work, and it may well haul an otherwise so-so entertainment through a noble run. The contrast between the deftness and wit of Hart's lyrics and the beefy humor of the book is distressing. The contrast between the book and Mark Twain's book which inspired it is simply too painful to examine, for the former is built on and of the whimsy of rephrasing 1927 wise-cracks in medieval English. As there is a great deal of singing and excellent chorus dancing, a hardy or inexigent playgoer can survive the intervening dialogue, but in this note, as in this production, Rodgers and Hart shall be Alpha and Omega.

ABBE NILES.

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Two Poems

Dedication

When I was seven years old I had a primer:
The immaculate bosom of the mother tongue
Flowed milkily in mercy to the young
Dispensing balsam to the infant dreamer;
How delicately did the silver skimmer
Of natural love select the cream along
The honeyed surface of that stream of song!
That cup of pearls dissolving into dimmer—
That breast of twin benevolent moons—that conduit
Whose veins are threaded with pellucid truth!
Into the hungry coffin and beyond it
A single uncorrupted drop of youth
Must live in elegy upon my lips
When I and chaos shall have come to grips.

I would that my possessions were the proper
And polished coinage of the stars and suns,
But for the earth I give you farthing bronze
And for the planets I return you copper.
Fumes fallen from your ceremonial supper
Made aromatic harmony, that once
Refreshed my childhood; even now it runs
Between our skies, the lower and the upper.
O, who was I to be so bravely suckled
At the early wells of English undefiled,
And by your grace, whose sacred hand unbuckled
Extreme Castalia for a careless child?
Yet this I grant the creature of uncommon:
She is your vassal while she is a woman.

That creature is your vassal ever since:
Perceiving the device upon your standard
To be the sign her infancy had pondered
Her spirit was impulsive to convince.
If her opinion perishes or wins;
Be her fidelity approved or slandered;
The event is set: the woman never wandered
In vile devotion to a lesser prince.
Profuse and fabulous appeared the page
On which your youngest lessons were emblazoned;
Enchantments that unlock a crystal cage,
An alphabet with astral fire seasoned;
These are the characters of that largesse
Which gives the lavish greater to the less.

For that her blood is valiant and noble
I thank the language at her leaping source;
At best, essential heaven; at bitter worse
A witch's brew of strong fantastic trouble.
But for your courtesy my thanks are double,
Who, as a matter of munificent course,
Diverted waves of influential force
To shape for me a rainbow-colored bubble:
An innocent bird: an iridescent music
To be my own for all the rest of living;
O, this was nourishment and wine and physic,
This was a proud extravagance of giving!
And I have nothing to return in kind
Save the dull mortal homage of the mind.

Malediction upon Myself

Now if the dull and thankless heart declare
That this fair city is no longer fair
Because the month has peopled it with shadows
And swept the quality to hills and meadows;
Yea, if it cry in its ingratitude
That holy beauty is no longer good
But that it is degraded and cast down
Because it treads the pavement of the town;
If it accept the rank ignoble rule
That beauty is no longer beautiful
Because it is not straightlaced and aloof
But sets its sandal on a London roof
And takes polluted Thames to be its mirror;
If the vile heart is guilty of this error
I here pronounce upon its inmost nerve
The malediction which it must deserve.
Loosen its strings: let it no longer be
The instrument of mortal ecstasy.
Empty its veins of rapture, and replace
The fine elixir with a foul and base,
Till the true heaven never more descends
In delicate pulses to my finger ends
Or flutters like a feather at my heel.
Bind blindness on my forehead: set a seal
On each of my two eyes which have forsworn
The light, and darken them with disks of horn.
Stop up my nostrils in default of breath
With graveyard powder and compacted death,
And stuff my mouth with ruin for a gag,
And break my ankles of a running stag.
Let the long legs of which I am so proud
Be bended, and the lifted throat be bowed.
Lower the arrogant pennon which I bear
Blown backward in the fringes of my hair,
And let its silk be trampled to a skein
Of serpents knotted in corruptive pain.
Let these my words unwind the virtuous mesh
Which knits the spirit to the naughty flesh.
Let me dismember me in sacred wrath
And scatter me in pieces for a path
On which the step of that I have denied
Descends in silver to its proper bride.

ELINOR WYLIE.

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The Stairs and So to Bed

And So to Bed, by James B. Fagan. Shubert Theater, November 9, 1927.

The Stairs, by Rosso di San Secondo, adapted by Dario Forza. Bijou Theater, November 7, 1927.

"AND SO TO BED," as we see it at the Shubert, is one of those things in the theater that make the critic's operation rather foolish and stuffy, if he does anything much beyond mere reporting, supplying the news of a delightful evening and an audience one way or another charmed. His most graceful turn is toward the part of an honest citizen who knows his pleasure when he has it.

The quality of this entertainment, not without skill and shrewdness attained, is social and personal. The writing in "And So to Bed" is not distinguished, and does not pretend to be; it is, in fact, quite unequal. The effects are tried and sure, from the king sitting with a wife on the chest where the husband is hidden to the Portia-Nerissa catalogue of lovers between Mrs. Knight and her maid. The acting makes no high-horse pretensions, and remains always personal and complaisant. Of plot, most people would tell you there was little, though to me there seems to be as much plot as in most plays; the story begins and ends, with a diverting tangle of incidents between these two points—after all, most so-called plot is only made-up and superimposed; it is only superficially expressive, its events are no more events than words are events. The settings, lighted much too white at present for their own good, are agreeable if thin; the costumes prettily and almost refreshingly unimpressive. But the sum of "And So to Bed" has its own agreeable finality. The whole quality of it belongs to the English tradition more than to ours, or what ours is on Times Square nowadays, these many years since M Jefferson lived at Monticello. It is reminiscent, touched ith a fragile music from the past and with an old inheri ice of grace and worldliness. It progresses by its leisure and taste. It is evanescent, and depends on the security with which the players in it at the moment know how to turn us into happy guests. You take "And So To Bed" as you would a week-end at a country house.

The incident of this play of Mr. Fagan's arises a few days after the close of Pepys' diary in June, 1669. Mrs. Knight, the singer, is attacked outside the windows of Mr. Pepys by a highwayman. The watch and the servants scare away the criminal, Mrs. Knight is brought into the house, she is beautiful; and Mr. Pepys takes the credit for her rescue. The rest of the story concerns his jealous wife, his friends who sing and play sweet music, and King Charles. In the second act, Mr. Pepys takes his flageolet, his songs and a pair of green stockings to the singer. The King, who is her protector, unexpectedly arrives. Mr. Pepys goes into an Italian chest. Mrs. Pepys bursts in. The King discovers Pepys, but spares him a domestic crisis. Sitting on the chest with Pepys' wife, he elaborates the torture by making love to her and promising his protection in case her husband fails her. In the last act there is a supper at Mr. Pepys' house, to which his wife is an hour late and he, two hours. The jealous quarrel wavers back and forth from one to the other until the truce, and so to bed. Kings, musicians, music, maids and suppers, they are the stanzas in the life of these two, but quarreling is the refrain.

Mr. Wallace Eddinger, whose past in our theater would not seem to lead him directly to this role out of seventeenth century London and the Restoration, gave a sound performance. His diction, or rather the rhythm in which he spoke, was bad, sometimes his lines were unintelligible, in fact, but otherwise he gave you a remarkable sense of Pepys' solidities, and managed to create a core for this character whose fame has grown so wide in the world. Mr. Charles Bryant's Charles II was not dull, Mr. A. Henderson Storie's Pelling, The Potticary, very nicely foiled against the bright remainder of the scene. Miss Yvonne Arnaud, long known to London but new here, played Mrs. Pepys —whose part was at least a third of the piece—with the greatest wit and variety of voice; it was an engaging performance, full of the resources of both French and English comedy. Miss Mary Grey brought to the role of Mrs. Knight, the singer, not only her beauty and lovely voice, but also a real knowledge of the phrase and cadence for that music of the day, Lulli, Pergolese and the rest, on which the play, somehow or other, really rests.

The main point that interests me about the production of "The Stairs" turns on race and genius. This play by Rosso di San Secondo follows the school of Pirandello. But while Pirandello's drama involves the same Latin mentality, the same intellectual acrobatics, the same tragic thesis of form and substance, fiction and reality, as we find in Rosso di San Secondo, his great talent carries him beyond all this and into an international possibility where his disciple remains highly foreign. It is the second of Rosso di San Secondo's plays to be tried in New York within a year, and ought to prove that he is fairly impossible for our stage.

We do not think in Italian terms; abstractions are not so alive to us as to Italians; generalization, philosophic observation, analytical dexterity and dialectic sport do not lie within our habits of mind. A play, therefore, built on these, and on voluminous and rapid speech, progresses toward its conclusion in a key that is inevitably strange to us. What reality it has disappears, so far as we are concerned, for lack of any proper dramatic body to convey it. We think it talky, unlikely, involved, and what, when the pitch of anything is not our own, we call theatrical.

"The Stairs" has some of these faults, undoubtedly. And even taking it in the best faith and with some degree of understanding, we end by thinking its main themes rather arbitrarily imposed upon it, the work of a dramatist and disciple with more excitement than unity of idea. And yet this play has its dramatic point, its suspense, its talent. Through two acts and something more out of the third and last, I saw it with genuine interest. Then its exuberant and facile logic and its rather laid-on dolorousness seemed to me turgid, unimportant and hardly worth the trouble.

In such a play as this of Rosso di San Secondo's the actors' problem is an impossible one. If they make the characters American and familiar, the play makes no sense; if they strive to be Italian, they are lost. Miss Dorothy

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Sands, in the tightness of her method and her clear attack, was close enough to the chief woman character to sustain the dramatist's point, but she had no support. Mr. Lester Lonergan, despite a certain authority and thought that goes with his personality on the stage, played quite across the texture of his role, and threw out every scene that he was supposed to centralize.

STARK YOUNG.

Frontiers

STREETS hissing with sudden rain. The call of automobile horns to each other, shrill, quacking bugles, like the cry of heartless ducks. The station, cavern of smoke and steel. The yards, gray, glistening, with short men in blue overalls stepping over rails. Darkened, engineless strings of cars, waiting. Wet slate roofs, irregular jungles of dirty brick houses, saddened Quinquina advertisements, gas-houses, wires, scrap iron, switches, the bumping rumble of the trucks over black diverging switches. Naked land; pools of yellow water, naked new cheese-colored apartment houses, sheds, shacks, cart-wheels, dripping horses held up at the crossings. The rain slackens. On the horizon, a low curve of dark trees; hurrying clouds. The rain imperceptibly stops. More and more trees. Glass-windowed factories, smoke-stacks. Ugly cubic villas, dumped upon the miscellaneous landscape at all angles, like lump sugar out of a box. Tickets, please. The priest and the parents of the small girl and the man in smoked glasses and the Americans search in pocket-books, without a word. Green fields now, and milestones, rapidly diminishing—two hundred and eighty, two hundred and seventy-nine. A valley, a river, poplars. The little girl says something out loud, she is reproved in whispers, she whispers back, a head is shaken at her, she is silent. The long hills are all crowned with trees, the fenceless valleys stretch between them, smooth and young. Red roofs, steeples.

In the sky gray runs away, blue gains. In the compartment, hands reach for bags, paper bags reveal bread, sausage, oranges, wine. Crumpled paper, filled with orange peel, is carefully thrown under the seat. Eyes seek the window; eight mute heads turn quickly as a station flashes by. A famous name. The War. The Germans were here once, twice, but not all the time. The silver river winds behind poplars. A raw new church. Bushes on the tops of the hills, bushes instead of trees. Nine years. The little girl was born after it was over. It is beginning to be a long time ago now. Within sight, within the gay green circle of bushy hills, thousands of men were killed. So they say. Or perhaps it was a little further on. The sky is all blue, the land all gallant emerald. Puzzling villages. Not quite European. Houses in a cluster, and a steeple above them, to be sure. But somehow not native. Too new, too square, too pasted on to the countryside. Reconstructed villages. The old wound still lives through the bandage of mortar and raw stone.

Noon, dust and white sun. We are in a small red car, rushing along the bald hot road parallel to the dark and level and dreamy and infinitely slow canal. Tender green, and drifting smoke. The Germans bombed these factories sparingly, against future possession. But they never got there. Lumpy hills, great slopes of field, shaggy woods. Bare black arms of dead trees staring through the wild green born after the War. Zig-zag up the side of the hill, the ruined work of giant moles. Harmless trenches—pacified with weeds. Low light, long shadows and then, seen suddenly over the top of the hill, a million acres of rolling grass between us and the sunset. A little valley; cone-shaped shell holes healed with green, tin and wooden shacks, a solitary concrete pill-box. For machine guns. Faint gray imprint of the grain of boards. Fossil of the War. Then the village, greenless new, courageously disheartened, and its bleak new church. Up the next hill, a gravelled road, neat buildings, a gateway, an American flag. On the free summit of the hill, plain white crosses with stencilled lettering; crosses in lanes and transverse rows like corn, young dragon's teeth sown back into the old earth again. Four thousand crosses.

Nightfall. Another train. Clickety-click over the rails; slivers of darkening landscape flashed in the space between freight-cars, a blue silver west, lights streaking past in a blur. Heads in the corners of the compartment, heads lolling drowsily at the curves. Sharp air through the window. Coats over knees. Black thunder under bridges. The rush of shadows, of ghostly clouds and velvet trees. Swift mystery and roaring silence. Whiffs of unseen hay. The relentless, lonely whistle. Then tracks, and switches, and lights and the sudden white faces of blind houses, and more houses, and less speed, and walls, and wires, and the vault of a station. Porters, cries, sleepy figures stirring in corners, slammed doors, a getting in and a getting out, noises dying away into silence, into an hour's wait, into vaulted silence broken only by the echo of tired feet, the clank of a late hammer, the deep iron whisper of a standing engine. Behind these walls a great city lies invisible in bed.

Sleep. The sleep of those who are sitting up, legs twisted, head resting against the curtain, against pane and curtain. Jolts, a start, and vague waking, and cold air from across midnight fields. Frontier. Passports, please. Lights on. Official caps in the doorway, a low word, the rustle of small pages, blinking eyes, nothing to declare. Uneasy sleep again. Sleep again, under the blue glow-worm of light. Curled, bent, shoed and trousered sleep. And through the window, cinders and black air.

Thin morning. Low mists and cruel green. Quick drops pepper the glass like finest shot. A deserted morning, orderly and drenched. The early cough, the paralyzed untangling of stiffened legs, the staring names of lifeless stations. Boredom. The remains of chocolate. One by one the crumpled travelers awake, like cold birds on a bough. More stations. Roads, cows, tunnels, and mist—drifting, catching, trying to uproot the trees. A dull steel lake, how wide, how far, no one can tell. Station; gulped coffee. In the near distance, surprising shouts from everyday life, veiled roar of invisible waterfall, a sawmill's industrious whine.

Long morning, through fog-drowned pastures. Damp papers, with no news. Dull novels, with dancing type. Mist, mist, a pitiless curtain lowered to within a few feet of the world's floor. Rents in the curtain, the barked shins of mountains, the monstrous overhanging of mountain's

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knees. The engine snorts and climbs, the slow carriage leans near the thistles, and staring tanned faces with scythes at rest could almost blow against our glass. Tunnel. Brief glimpse of mist and muddy brook. Tunnel. A flash of steep green, and wounded piles of new timber. Tunnel. Then, miracle, the day-long mists are torn, slashed aside in mile-wide handfuls. Blue sky; a sudden aching triangle of white, immeasurably high in the air. Tunnel. The mists are in panic flight. Far, far above, so that the necks which crowd the corridor windows crane and twist, mountain-peaks, blinding, capricious angles of snow, fingers of rock, high naked pastures hang in the air. Coming down to us in prodigious cliffs and valleys, menacingly aslant, the mountain steps from purest white through yellow green down to the somber black of pines, the pines which narrow us in. And at the top of all, blue, blue. . . .

A long tunnel. The shadow of our heads cast through smoke, on the hurrying wall three feet away. Cleared throats, jammed windows, the thick smell of coal. A forty-minute tunnel. Prison. The belly of the mountain, somewhere free and blue and white above us. Upward panting labor. Cigarettes and coal dust. Raised voices, indistinct, repeated with effort. The dull novel, duller in coal and half-darkness. Then suddenly out of the gut into the sun.

And now this wild V, at whose bottom we crawl, slowly splits apart; its wild sides gradually sink away, its crags soften, its torrents slide less steeply, its lone chalets hang less perilously between train and cloud. Slowly the savage valleys open and descend and yield to the southern sun. A few mad old castles on mad pinnacles, a few toothless carcases of forts, and white cliffs, and boulders from the cliffs fallen close to the track, and a crisp softness in the air, and the vanguard of grapes, at first clinging to their terraces, then climbing down the mountain to invade the bottom and push back its slopes, slopes so much tamer now and bluer, and barren with drought and heat. And a last curve into the low sun, and a last look back at softened lumps of disappearing Alps, and now the great plain of the south, and corn and church-bells and centuries and dusty peace.

ROBERT LITTELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

What Does Liberalism Stand for?

SIR: I have been very much interested in your editorial of October 26 in reply to a "Militant Socialist." As a reader for many years of the New Republic, who has continued, even in this dead season of liberalism, to regard himself as a liberal, I am anxious to know where, precisely, your editorial leaves us. It seems to me that, in confessing the dangers and the difficulties of the liberal position, you have failed adequately to establish the possible strength or advantages of that position, and have thereby failed to justify it. The liberal, you seem to tell us, is to keep an open mind. Very well: but is he to be loyal to no cause? Is he to pursue no definite policy? Is he to forswear, not only political allegiance, but even any political principles which might provide a consistent course of action? Is he to be merely an intelligent person who decides every issue on its merits? Is he not to look for social salvation to the settlement of any particular set of issues rather than of others? Is he not to try to be intelligent about any particular set of phenomena, or in any particular way? And if this is true, has he the right any longer to designate himself by even so comparatively vague and general a term as "liberal"—a term which has certainly implied in the past a preoccupation with certain kinds of problems and a tendency to decide them in certain clearly defined ways? If this is true, how does the liberal differ from the writers, say, in the American Mercury, whose point of view is probably consistent with your definition of liberalism, but whose principles are certainly, in many respects, directly opposed to everything which has been considered liberal in the past? What, in short, is a liberal to believe? Is he to believe merely that he can be certain of nothing? And if this is actually what you mean, about what can he be said to be "liberal"?

A. B. H.

Newark, New Jersey.

SIR: Your editorial in reply to your correspondent who signs himself "Militant Socialist," in which you state some important truths, is highly interesting. Those parts, however, in which you discuss the attitude of liberals I read with a sardonic grin. The way you juggle words like "choices" and "possibilities," etc., without a single concrete suggestion that one can bite into, brings home to one again the stark truth stated by your correspondent. Liberals are and always have been long on words like "tut, tut" and "now be a good boy" and the like, but they are and always have been short on a tangible plan of action. And not only that, but their pocket nerve makes mortal cowards of them. There is no evidence in sight, either past or present, to indicate that they will ever do otherwise than to paw the ground in the presence of the high and mighty and influential and lick their boots till the cows come home.

May we not look for further editorial remarks elucidating these points? Whatever you may have to say is certain to be interesting. I find all the editorials in the New Republic well worth reading, which is more than can be said of most newspapers.

ARTHUR C. JOHNSON.

Bath, Maine.

A Letter from Mrs. Sacco

SIR: Right after the legal assassination of my husband and of Bartolomeo Vanzetti, the press spoke—and is presently speaking—of groups, of organizations born here and there, with the *compassionate purpose*, some for the collection of funds that should have been used for my maintenance and that of my children, made orphans by the plutocracy of the State; some for the collection and publication of memories and writings of the two martyrs and of the various phases that characterized the seven years of prosecution and tortures; some for erecting to them a monument; and some more—as real jackals—using the names of Sacco and Vanzetti as an advertisement, that would attract the multitude, for the sale of commercial articles, etc.

All this has happened, and is still going on, without ever having been questioned.

Comrades and friends from France write and send to me newspaper articles that mention opened subscriptions: *"For the Families of Sacco and Vanzetti."*

While I thank those that, in these years of atrocious Calvary, disinterestedly took to heart the fate of the dear martyrs and did not leave either me or my children deprived of a consistent assistance, I cannot remain in silence, and therefore I protest for whatever is speculation and offense to their memory and to their principles, for which they made the supreme sacrifice of their young existence.

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If the nobility and wisdom of many people of high standing had turned to a fight against the present system and social order, in order to make impossible for the future the repetition of ghastly crimes as that accomplished on August 23 last by the state of Massachusetts, they would have obtained the acknowledgment and applause of the good, but they being—in the same time—backers of that same principle of things that persecuted, tortured and assassinated my husband and companion and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, this arouses disgust if not contempt.

Always thanking the friends from France for their good intention, may it be allowed me to say that the names of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti would be better remembered if their action and work were dedicated to the defense of the persecuted and condemned by the hatred of class, and to the restoration of rights and liberty of the people that in Europe—as in the rest of the world—are ruined and choked.

ROSINA SACCO.

Malden, Massachusetts.

Mr. Kahn and the War Debts

SIR: In an article entitled "The Censorship on Loans," in the November 2 issue of the New Republic, reference is made to "the Circe-like voice of Otto H. Kahn and other eminent financiers urging cancellation of the war debts."

Permit me to point out that this reference to me is based upon an entirely mistaken assumption on the part of the writer of that article.

While I do not find myself in complete accord with the debt settlements as concluded, I have never advocated, either in public or in private, "the cancellation of these debts."

May I register a mild protest against your attributing views to me which I never held, much less advocated—an attribution all the less called for as I have repeatedly and explicitly stated in public what are my thoughts on the subject.

I shall be obliged if you will have the courtesy to give space in your columns to the publication of this correction.

O. H. KAHN.

New York City.

From a Friend of Communism

SIR: In the various articles on Russian Communism which appear from time to time in your columns, it seems to be taken for granted, as something that is obvious to all intelligent readers, that Communism is basically and inherently wrong in theory and practice. There appear such unsupported statements as, in effect, "The [Russian] peasantry did not know enough to repudiate Communism"; "Communism is the unstable product of a decadent culture"; "It is a creed in which there is error, blindness and perversity." You probably know whereof you speak, but it is a fact that there are many of your "constant readers" besides myself who do not, and who would doubtless be much enlightened and relieved by a comprehensive article showing how such statements as the above are justified.

For my part, as a capitalist in a modest way, with a very definite interest in preserving my privileges, which I admit derive far more from the *status quo* than my own merit, I am very much concerned by the persistence of Communism in Russia, and the belief which forces itself more and more upon me that religious fanaticism or altruistic fervor is not the explanation, but that its vitality is due to the fact that Communism is a better economic system than Capitalism is or ever can be, however patched up and reformed.

Based, as I understand it is, upon production for use instead of profit and the consequent elimination of the private ownership of the means of production, it would seem to me that the application of Communism to a thoroughly industrialized society would work excellently and bring about conditions which, for the mass of the people, would be vastly superior to anything the so-called capitalist system has accomplished, or even promises.

Comparative equality of opportunity, ease of attainment, even for the less gifted, of the necessaries and moderate luxuries of life, freedom from economic worry and a reasonable amount of leisure, seem impossible for any but the 2 to 5 percent privileged classes, under capitalism, while the communistic system offers a good hope, based upon scientific statistics, of attaining these ends for all. Its failure to do so thus far in Russia is plausibly accounted for on the grounds that its application was premature, the country being too backward industrially and almost wholly dependent upon bitterly hostile industrialized countries for not only practically all manufactured products, but also for the machinery, etc., to make and transport for themselves these necessities. Add to this the devastation resulting from participation in the War, from which even the highly industrialized countries, with all possible help, have not yet recovered, followed by civil war and blockade.

What *is* the inherent error or defect in Communism? Everyone I ask says it is that you can't make men equal by law. Of course this is puerile, setting up a straw man to knock him down. Communists disavow any such intention. You evidently know, and it will be a great relief to many in my position if you will tell us.

GEORGE THORNE HILL, JR.

South Norwalk, Connecticut.

[The liberal's criticism of Communism is by now so well known that it does not seem to us necessary to repeat it in detail each time the subject is discussed. Mr. Hill will find an excellent statement of it in "Communism," by Harold Laski (Holt. $1).—THE EDITORS.]

What Can Be Done about It?

SIR: Your correspondent puts the above pertinent question. Apparently there is no sanctuary today in all the civilized world. Sanctuary, the most revered institution in all history!

The Society of Friends of Russian Freedom in London was a highly respected institution in the days of Stepniak and Kropotkin and the Tsars. Joynson-Hicks would have quickly broken it up, had he been in power then. Today the same conditions exist in Italy, and yet here we are denying asylum to all who refuse to bow the neck to the tyranny of the Italian Tsar. Here, in America, the boasted land of the free! Today in San Francisco there is a political refugee from China who is to be sent back to his enemies, who will decapitate him without even a trial. That is what occurred in several previous cases. We Americans are fully aware of the facts. It is indeed time to ask: What are we going to do about it?

I am an old man who, before the War, was accustomed to wander around the world without any passport or visa, passing from country to country, welcomed, unmolested. That is impossible today, and so I am quietly awaiting deportation to another world. Meantime, I can at least protest. The Pax Romana would be an unmitigated blessing compared with what exists today. We have gone back two thousand years or more; for, long prior to that, there were cities of refuge everywhere as an essential condition of government. The Bible teaches us that the establishment of cities of refuge was the will of God. But no one cares about the will of God today. Every government seems to be composed of atheists.

CHAPMAN PORTER.

San Francisco, California.

A Correction

SIR: May I correct a mistake in my article, "Trends in Children's Books," on page 359 of the supplement to your issue of November 16? The excellent list of books for boys and girls published in Toronto comes from The Boys' and Girls' House, a library building set apart for their use by the Toronto Public Library, and has nothing to do with the set of books sold under the title, "The Bookhouse for Boys and Girls."

ERNESTINE EVANS.

New York City.

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A Leader of Zion

Theodore Herzl, by Jacob de Haas. New York: Brentano's. Two vols. 747 pages. $10.

THERE is abundant reason for the enthusiasm which the name and personality of Theodore Herzl have excited among the Jews. To them, more than to any other people, a national hero is necessary to typify the unity of the race, and to restore the geographical advantages which were promised to Abraham. The cherished dream of the Messiahship developed the spiritual necessity of a leader, and the long agony of the diaspora emphasized the physical necessity of a home. The pathetic recall of the victories of Judas Maccabæus year after year at the Chanukah festival are meager consolation for a proud people. Mr. Zangwill once pointed out that the Jews had given statesmen to all the countries of Europe: Disraeli to Britain, Gambetta to France, Lassalle and Marx to Germany (a little later he might have added Trotsky to Russia), but Herzl was the first statesman since the destruction of Jerusalem to put his life at the service of the Jews.

Herzl was born in Pesth in 1860, of orthodox parents, who later moved to Vienna. There he was Bar Mitzva in 1873, attended the university, and was admitted to the bar. He joined the staff of the Neue Freie Presse, made his debut as a playwright, and married. In 1891 he became Paris correspondent of the Neue Freie Presse, and saw the earlier phase of the Dreyfus case, culminating in the degradation of Captain Dreyfus, January 5, 1895. "He long remembered the triumphant roll of the kettle drums that smothered a Jew's protest." It marked a new high point in the tide of anti-Semitism that was sweeping over Europe. Herzl felt involved in the Dreyfus tragedy; "he felt his personal honor had been affected and his manhood insulted." Then and there he decided that "there could be no greater purpose to my life than to devote myself to Jewish affairs, but employing different, higher and more specific methods than those employed hitherto." Later he wrote: "The Dreyfus process . . . made me a Zionist." In 1896 he published his brochure "The Jewish State. An attempt at a modern solution of the Jewish Question," and the movement was launched.

It was part of Herzl's statesmanship to make the Jewish question one of practical European politics, as Cavour had made the Italian question. The almost infinite complications in which it was involved are disentangled by his biographer with great skill. The position of the Jews was anomalous. On the one hand, the rich Jews, typically represented by the Rothschilds, were at the head of the greatest power in the world, high finance. On the other, the mass of the poor Jews, bursting against the walls of the ghettos, supplied energy and brains to the revolutionary movement everywhere. Both the success and the misery of the Jewish people were conceived as dangerous to the Christian world, and both furnished fuel for the anti-Semitism which had begun to burn fiercely in the latter years of the century. Anti-Semitism Herzl made his most powerful weapon. The persecution of the ghetto Jews in Russia, Poland and Rumania put pressure on the rich Jews of London, Paris and Vienna to save their people. Baron de Hirsch had already begun to direct the colonization of Jews in the Argentine, and left the bulk of his fortune to be administered for this purpose by the Jewish Colonization Society. There were small groups in Palestine. But the trickle of Jewish colonists to South America and Palestine scarcely diminished the flood of misery which flowed westward across Europe and to the shores of the United States. Jews who had established themselves successfully in western Europe and America were embarrassed at the influx of their co-religionists, which tended to increase race prejudice and delay their own assimilation. They were almost equally embarrassed by the mooted restriction of immigration which would throw the refugees from the ghetto back to the wolves. Accordingly, the solution of the question by establishing a free state for Jewish immigrants began to appeal to them. At the same time, Herzl made anti-Semitism a lever to move the secular governments of Europe. It was a disturbing social force. In Austria, where Carl Lueger was repeatedly elected Burgomaster of Vienna on that issue alone, it added a new element to the Austrian complex. In France, in the revival of the Dreyfus case, it was shaking the republic to its foundations. In Russia, the government was ashamed of the pogroms, even while it instigated them. Turkey was the only country of Europe where there was no prejudice against the Jews; it needed Jewish workers to develop its natural resources, as well as Jewish wealth to enable it to fund its debt and escape the rapacity of its creditors—and Turkey held Palestine.

All these circumstances entered into Herzl's calculations. It was not for nothing that he was a chess player. His cry of the return to their historic fatherland made him the leader of the Jewish people. He was able to bring a certain pressure upon Jewish capitalists who were happy in their role of philanthropy and timid in the face of political responsibility. With the popular strength of Jewry exhibited each year more impressively in the Congress held at Basle, and the vague potentiality of Jewish finance in the background, Herzl treated with kings and emperors as an independent power. What Lassalle did on a small scale, for a brief time, as head of the Workingmen's International, Herzl continued to do for years. Twice he negotiated with Abdul Hamid in the Yildiz Kiosk, offering Jewish financial support in return for a concession of territory in Palestine. He convinced Eulenberg of the advantage of a Jewish Palestine in the German *Drang nach Osten,* and was received by the Kaiser during his expedition to the Holy Land. He negotiated with Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Cromer for a concession in the Sinai Peninsula, "on the road to Palestine," and actually secured an offer of land in Uganda. He drew from Von Plehve's desire to be rid of the Jews in Russia a promise of pressure on Turkey.

In all this, one is astonished at Herzl's adroitness and daring. He organized an international bank, the Jewish Colonial Trust, to mobilize the financial resources of the Jewish people. The great banking families, Rothschild, Montefiore, Montagu, were cold to the project, but Herzl's reply was "All the Jews are richer than Rothschild." The bank enabled him to dangle letters of credit for small sums before the Sultan's eyes. In proposing the great transaction of the Turkish debt, he knew that he was bluffing, but he believed that if he could once secure a firm offer of Palestine, with political guarantees, he could force the Rothschilds to back him up. His skill in making use of all the diverse elements in Jewry is no less remarkable. Early he won the support of the Jewish intelligentsia—of men of international reputation like Max Nordau and Israel Zangwill. The famous correspondent of the London Times in eastern Europe, Vambery, was his skillful wire-puller. Colonel A. E. W. Goldsmid, whose early championship of idealistic Zionism made him the

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model for George Eliot's Daniel Deronda, was enlisted in the practical political movement. Herzl was not a deeply religious character. He laid little stress upon the forms and ceremonies of Judaism. His faith was in the Jewish nation. Yet he knew how to use the religious feeling of others, even a certain type of imaginative Christianity, in his crusade. A Dr. Hechler was chaplain of the British Embassy in Vienna. As a literal believer in the Bible, he understood that the Jews must be restored to their home before the world could properly come to its apocalyptic end, and to hasten this desirable event he used all his efforts to forward Herzl's plans. Only two elements among his own people remained outside of Herzl's combinations—the convinced assimilationists, who were embarrassed by the reassertion of Jewish nationalism, preferring to relieve themselves of the pressure of their kinsfolk by the discreet methods of the Jewish Colonization Society, and the fanatical culturists. Herzl "did not know what 'Jewish Kultur' meant," wrote one of his critics; and Ached Ha'am, the leader of the culturists, affirmed that "the Redemption of Israel will come through prophets, not diplomats."

Mr. de Haas writes of Herzl with the warmth of personal admiration and love. If he does not succeed in communicating to us the charm and power of his leader, his record of what Herzl achieved in the ten years between the degradation of Dreyfus and his own death speaks for itself. It is the more astonishing, in view of the fact that Herzl never accepted support from the movement which he established. During his active years he was writing constantly for the Neue Freie Presse, as well as books and plays. He literally wore himself out for his people. When he died, the promised land was hardly in sight; its attainment followed from the course of action which he had mapped out.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Anglo-Egyptian Relations

Egypt, by George Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 352 pages. $5.

THIS latest addition to the Modern World Series is a most useful and interesting book. To write the recent history of Egypt, clearly, briefly, and fairly, and to sum up its present position and prospects is not an easy task. Mr. Young has brought to it a thorough knowledge of the Near East, gained by his career in the British diplomatic service and fertilized by the liberal viewpoint, which induced him to abandon that career, and become an expert in the councils of the Labor party.

The history of Egypt, since the beginning of the nineteenth century, is an involved and sordid tale of the exploitation of the Egyptian peasant by alien adventurers: Turkish, Albanian, French, British and others. The methods by which the international financiers of the West assisted the Khedive Ismail in bankrupting the country, thus bringing it under foreign control, are well known. They form a classic example of the technique of economic imperialism. Mr. Young gives full details of the loans poured into Egypt between 1860 and 1875, the usurious terms of which fully justify his comment: "Never has there been such a spoiling of the Egyptians by the chosen people."

In his account of the British occupation, Mr. Young steers a middle course between the official apologetics of Colvin and the unmeasured denunciations of Blount. While strongly critical of many of its actions, he maintains that the British regime was not an unmixed evil for Egypt. It was better, for the future of the nation, to have one master at this critical point in its history than to be ruled by an international body of creditors. British officials gave Egypt an efficient administration, a decrease in graft, and an increase in prosperity. Their great failing was lack of imagination. They could not conceive that Egyptians might prefer their (possibly) insanitary independence to a junior share in the glories of the British Empire.

The abolition of the British Protectorate over Egypt came in 1922, when the Lloyd-George government realized that the only alternative was a large and expensive increase in the army of occupation. The imperial hand relaxed its grasp, but it did not let go altogether. Egypt was formally recognized as an "independent sovereign state," but four very vital questions were "absolutely reserved to the discretion of His Majesty's Government." Briefly, these questions are: the Suez Canal, the defense of Egypt against foreign aggression, the protection of foreign interests, and the Sudan. Pending agreement, the *status quo* in regard to these matters was to be maintained. Today, nearly six years later, no agreement has been achieved, and a British army in Cairo still provides "sanctions" for the fulfillment of British wishes. It is difficult not to agree with Mr. Young that

> a fair and free reconciliation and resettlement are both almost impossible while one of the negotiating parties is in military occupation of the other. That the British Empire . . . should have to fortify its diplomacy by remaining in occupation of Cairo is itself almost an admission that its case is weak, and certainly it is an unfair advantage that is likely to be met by intransigence.

The fourth reserved question, that of the Sudan, involves the claims of rival imperialisms. Egypt conquered the Sudan early in the nineteenth century; lost it to the dervishes; recovered it with British aid. At present it is nominally under the joint control of Britain and Egypt, but actually occupied and administered solely by the former. Mr. Young is undoubtedly right in his belief that Egypt would not rule the Sudan as efficiently, and justly, as the British; nor has it the resources necessary to develop the country. On the other hand, control of the Sudan means control of the Nile, the life-blood of Egypt. British enterprise in the Sudan is carrying out elaborate schemes for cotton planting under irrigation. Experts state that there is abundant water for both countries if the Nile head-waters are fully utilized. But the British certainly made Egyptian fears seem justified when, after the murder of Sir Lee Stack, they demanded, as an indemnity, the removal of agreed restrictions on the total irrigated area in the Sudan.

Mr. Young proposes a bargain by which Britain would evacuate Egypt in return for Egyptian renunciation of Central and Southern Sudan. At the same time Egypt should be admitted to the League of Nations. Then guarantees for British interests in the Canal and Egyptian interests in the Nile could be established under international authority. This seems an intelligent compromise in line with the realities of the situation. But neither side shows any inclination to surrender its claims, and the present deadlock may continue indefinitely.

KEITH HUTCHISON.

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"Long Views" of Experience

Inside Experience, by Joseph K. Hart. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 287 pages. $2.50.

WITHIN the realm of man's experience, Dr. Hart finds all possible keys to his problems, all worthwhile patterns for his future, every joy and inspiration which may fall to his lot. The writer set out to comment on Dr. John Dewey's "Experience and Nature," but he has "wandered a bit from that and displays vagaries which the author named would scarcely own." Nevertheless, in an introductory note, Dr. Dewey welcomes the book as a contribution toward "the task of revealing the structure of experience, and exhibiting its articulations." The theme of the book has occupied Dr. Hart for more than twenty years. In it he sets forth "the intellectual and spiritual riches to be found in the achieving of a new point of view." This "point of view" is, of course, that of the naturalistic philosophy of the "Dewey School" known as "Naturalistic Empiricism."

From such a work it is well to warn the "cub reporter" with his "hit-and-run" habits, as the writer does in his preface. Even so, Dr. Hart has done something, much indeed, for the "cubs," if only they will cease their gambols long enough to study the picture and consider the meaning of the "Dramatic Highway" illustration which runs throughout the book. For Dr. Hart is seeking a "new eminence from which to look at facts, new perspectives through the wilderness of facts, a dramatic highway through the lands of experience, a new mind for life and the world." For those who are secure and comfortable in their grooves, for those who have unfaltering faith in a "revelation" once delivered to the saints, or in dogmas once derived from "Mother Church," this book can have no message, though its intelligent perusal can scarcely fail to cause a momentary uneasiness. But for young persons who, in this age, are so likely to be comparatively free from dogmas, for older persons whose world is breaking up through the inadequacies of the folk-ways, the orthodoxies, and the revelations, and for the man of scientific mind who finds the plough overturning more than one familiar path, this book will come as a great relief, even a new revelation, though it seeks only to suggest a new "*method* of search in the *highway* that leads endlessly forward into the lands of life."

To one who begins a search into experiences with this "method," who views life from this "dramatic highway," it appears that "education has never yet found itself"; that rarely does anyone thrill and grow at the touch of that "most inclusive and integrative function of the human spirit," namely, its "strivings to bring wholeness, joy of wholeness, beauty of perfection into the disturbing chaos of casual impressions," healing into "the wounded areas of our personal beings." Rather, we have failed to take "long views of our experience," and we have permitted it to remain broken up into separate compartments. We have not learned that "the greatest of all human goods is shared experience," nor have we discovered the function of the philosopher-artist, which is to create for us out of our meaningless and conflicting experiences an "esthetic moment," thus linking " 'all perplexed meanings into one perfect peace'—at least for a little time." This "little time" of "perfect peace," this "esthetic moment," it is that gives meaning and direction to life. This it is that enables the "Individual" to "enter into the captaincy of his own soul," proclaiming him the "real goal of all this endless struggling and striving of nature and experience, of mind and matter, of morality and religion, science and art, deliberation and education," heralding him as the "product of all the past, an expression of the wider riches of the present, and a still unfulfilled promise of the future."

JOHN E. KIRKPATRICK.

The Romantic Strain

Rustic Elegies, by Edith Sitwell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 128 pages. $2.50.

IN Edith Sitwell's latest book, her usual lament for "the lost and terrible innocence" of infancy is transposed into a more impersonal theme, a sort of dilute Rousseauism that is both didactic and whimsical. This is something of a comfort, for the correct plaint for the world's lost innocence found here is at the same time more intelligible and diverting than the wistful backward glances toward Miss Sitwell's childhood in "Sleeping Beauty" and "Troy Park."

This greater impersonality and a stricter integration of the theme with the poet's decorative bucolic convention are significant, for much of her poetry since "Bucolic Comedies," which, after all, was not so engrossed with the idea found in her later work, has been vitiated by the undisciplined intrusion of Miss Sitwell's nostalgia. This was especially true of the "Sleeping Beauty," which was marred by a personal insistence on the interpretation of the symbol. It is unfortunate that passages like the following, bad enough in itself, should have disrupted the dreamlike and remote clarity of the tale into a mere group of distinguished fragments.

> And there are terrible and quick drum taps
> That seem the anguished beat of our own heart
> Making an endless battle without hope
> Against materialism and the world.

But in two of the three poems which constitute the present book, "Elegy on Dead Fashion" and "Prelude to a Fairy Tale," the fusion between the theme and the convention is more decently achieved. In any case, here is a formal integration and a unity of temper best realized in the first poem.

The other piece in the present volume, "The Hambone and the Heart," harks back to Miss Sitwell's earlier and more imitative fashion. In fact, its main body is nothing more than a slight recasting of the title-poem of "Mother and Other Poems," an unconvincing pseudo-ballad, published in 1915. The other sections of the poem as it now stands exhibit, instead of the usual pleasing fancy, a piece of the grotesque, a trifle ghastly, but not impressive. The thing doesn't hang together, and is fundamentally obscure in the parts comprising the frame of the ballad. This obscurity is not of the sort usually ascribed to the Sitwells, a difficulty of idiom and figure, but seems to derive from an unrealized and fumbling intention. The complete poem indicates that Miss Sitwell cannot do the simple thing where the effect is not of the surface; she needs the whimsical mythologies and the bolstering of her idiom.

"Elegy on Dead Fashion" is easily the most finished poem in the volume, but the "Prelude to a Fairy Tale" is more interesting, in so far as it represents the greater departure from what one has come to expect from Miss Sitwell. The first part of the piece is unintelligibly burdened with the usual personages out of mythology and fairy tale, handled after the manner of "Bucolic Comedies,"

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but not with an equal dexterity. The last part, in an abstract fashion, reiterates Miss Sitwell's theme, and attempts a philosophic resolution documented with notes from the Anthroposophical Review and Steiner's "Christianity as a Mystical Fact." It is to be hoped, perhaps, that this documentation is not intended over-seriously.

The texture of the verse and the use of the couplet, which is here the real unit, are reminiscent of the best of Dryden. The poem might be regarded as a *tour de force* in the early eighteenth century style, in form, personifications, and argument. As such, it is a charming and delicately wrought curiosity; as a piece of versified thinking, it is both vague and naïve.

Miss Sitwell has the single manner and the single theme of the minor poet. Her manner often becomes a mere repetition which self-consciousness cannot excuse. John Crowe Ransom, for instance, who resembles her in a certain hard brilliance, manages to avoid such a sense of repetition, despite his highly personal idiom. And in regard to Miss Sitwell's failure to extract a variety from her theme, it is only necessary to indicate Housman, nearly all of whose poems maintain a definitely individual existence in the mind, though centered on a single axis. But Miss Sitwell's leading idea is essentially a sentimental one. Its late emergence defines the baffling performance of the time of "Bucolic Comedies" as nothing more than another romantic escape, with the same roots in sentimentality. And escapist poetry, to be more than this, must exhibit, I think, a sort of understanding of the world from which it flees.

ROBERT PENN WARREN.

Personalism

The Philosophy of Personalism, by Albert C. Knudson. New York: The Abingdon Press. 438 pages. $3.50.

THE author of this "study in the metaphysics of religion," as the subtitle puts it, is an eminent Methodist theologian and a successor of Borden P. Bowne both in the theological establishment of Boston University and in the doctrines of "personalism." Professor Bowne was a thorough scholar and keen thinker, and a teacher of unusual power and influence. He had the clarity of mind to perceive that modern philosophical scholarship was engaged in the construction of a spiritual logic from which all personal meaning was about to vanish; and since he was "very sure of God," as the Boston Transcript once said, he set about restoring personality to the abstractions of metaphysics.

Professor Bowne had many friends in the highest places of the intellectual world; and he created a "school" of followers who have carried on his work with great industry and respectable ability. Very naturally, they see the world in labor to produce "personalism." Professor Knudson proposes Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Hegel, Lotze and Bowne as its major lights. But the world does not view Plato and Kant in quite this light; nor has the philosophy of personalism made much real headway outside Methodism.

Nevertheless, the personalists have a real point to make. It is no use to prove the spiritual essence of the universe if that essence is a sheer abstraction. I cannot agree with Professor Knudson that personalism alone meets the requirements of reason; but it certainly comes nearer meeting the requirements of devotion than most modern metaphysics. The personalists at least know what religion is about. As Professor Knudson says in this admirably clear and forthright statement of the personalist faith, there are altogether too many people in the modern world to whom "intellectual twilight is more congenial" when they come to religious questions "than the noonday brightness of personalistic theism."

C. E. A.

Shaw's Collected Pamphlets

The Socialism of Shaw, by George Bernard Shaw. New York: The Vanguard Press. 165 pages. $.50.

IN this small volume, a selection of Shaw's socialist pamphlets—those least technical and of most general interest—have for the first time been published in book form. There are included: "Socialism and Superior Brains," "The Case for Equality," "Socialism for Millionaires" and "The Impossibilities of Anarchism." James Fuchs, who has edited the collection and contributed a brief introduction, has also added a report of the speech delivered by Shaw at the dinner for his seventieth birthday. It is an excellent thing to have these pamphlets, long circulated separately but rather difficult to get in America, made easily accessible. They are classics in their kind: among the most brilliant and effective pieces of controversial writing in modern literature. Particularly interesting are the correspondence between Mallock and Shaw, and the debate at the National Liberal Club, in both of which Shaw is seen at his best against opponents by no means contemptible. The collection may profitably be read, not merely by persons specially interested in a discussion of the principles of socialism, capitalism and anarchism, but also by all who want to learn to think on any subject in a thorough-going fashion, and to learn to make clear what they think.

E. W.

Navigator

Navigator, by Alfred Stanford. New York: William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

THAT Bowditch is the father of all modern navigation almost everyone must have heard, one way or another, however vaguely. Of that Nathaniel Bowditch of Salem, born in 1773, painted for us by Gilbert Stuart, and author of "The American Practical Navigator," of 700 pages, published under the authority of the Navy Department of the United States, and known wherever ships sail as "Bowditch"—of this figure in American history most of us know less. Early American history, as Mr. Alfred Stanford says, has chosen other preoccupations.

For some readers, the interest of "Navigator" will be historical. Bowditch's life, up to the time when the romance of his idea had found its summit, and his fame was recognized and his position in the world assured by his entrance into a great insurance company, is recorded, together with something of his parentage, his two marriages, his studies and the progress of his achievement. The seashore towns, also, the merchandise and sailings, the ports and profitable seas of that time, are portrayed in the pages of this book, enough of them, at least, to touch the imagination and give the central figure a world in which to walk and dream.

But to take "Navigator" so would be a mistake. It is, after all, a novel. Not a novel in which the one interest is the hero's relation to women, but the story of a curiously austere and passionate mind and of a soul

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strangely secret and shy but absorbed within itself. There is a love story, but it is not all the book. Most novels, if they shine at all, shine in details, in parts, in convincing moments. This novel reverses that. Its defects are small, cloudy or slow-moving spots, not very frequent, and no moment of it is single and vivid; its fine quality lies in its continuous line. Mr. Stanford contrives, through some sort of patient inner excitement that is the secret of his own gift and that appeared in his "Groundswell" two or three years ago, to keep the book whole and rich with masculine feeling. "The slender, beautiful truth of figures" plays a part in Nathaniel Bowditch's life something like the part that Bowditch plays in the story of "Navigator." We see him, to take one instance, walking at East Neck, "obscurely conscious of receiving some simplification from the sea, from the mark of the tides on the beach, from the unending movement of the chainless ocean. He liked to walk down the beach in the early morning and to let the vigorous strivings of his calculations of the night return to his mind gently, like an incident in life which, remembered, writes its own poetry." That figure of Bowditch, seen always thus against the spaces of emotion and idea, and the visible world, contrives to seem, in Conrad's phrase, "to stand at the heart of a vast enigma." And that in itself would make this a remarkable book.

S. Y.

Recent Fiction

The Mad Carews, by Martha Ostenso. New York: Dodd Mead and Company. $2.50.

MISS OSTENSO, in "Wild Geese," achieved a natural success by virtue of staple qualities—reality of material and freshness of approach. In "The Mad Carews" she has struggled vainly to recapture them. She writes about the Minnesota prairie which she knows. The Bowers family, which provides the heroine, are real people. But the Mad Carews, with their dark inheritance of sin, exist only for fiction; and Elsa Bowers' relation with them, particularly with Bayliss, is one of those exasperating inventions of the novelist possessed of a devil. "She could no longer bear the cloudy enchantment that brooded over the Carew House." "Bayliss' deception penetrated Elsa's being like a white flame." "Elsa sat frozen at the woman's insolence." "She could have wept for pity—wept for the whole crazy pattern of human life in a mad world." It is "Wuthering Heights" sung off the key.

Over the Boat Side, by Mathilde Eiker. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

MISS EIKER also showed a promise in her first book, "Mrs. Mason's Daughters," which she has not fulfilled in her second, and for much the same reason. "Over the Boat Side" has a thin vein of reality in the Henderson family, but when the heroine ceases to be a member of it, she falls more and more into the ways of fiction, and we follow her through her loves, marriages and success in the theater with an increasing sense of disappointment. To some extent, this is due to a fate which the novelist cannot avert. Most people become less attractive as they grow older, and need external ornament in fiction as in life. Miss Eiker is deeply attached to Eltin, and does her best in the way of compensation. She even shares with her her own jewels of thought and style, of which "A little diamond is a dangerous thing" may serve as an example.

Three Wives, by Beatrice Kean Seymour. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MRS. SEYMOUR'S "Three Wives" illustrates the advantage which the English novelist possesses over the American through the greater richness of the social scene. The Halseys and Hardies are, perhaps, no more intrinsically valuable than Miss Eiker's Hendersons, but they are much more attractive. The theme of Mrs. Seymour's novel is sustained by the three young women who become wives, Stella and Tony Halsey and Val Hardie. Stella loves and forgives. Tony hates and denies. Val remains in the shadow. The salient thing about her is that Dick Halsey, Stella's and Tony's father, is in love with her, as he had been with her mother. The older generation appears from time to time, without exercising any discernible influence on the story. Nevertheless, we suspect that the three wives were more interesting as three daughters.

Moor Fires, by E. H. Young. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MOOR FIRES," by the author of "William," and "The Mallets," likewise has a richness of background, natural as well as human. A family of gentlefolk in artificial isolation is the groundwork out of which the design emerges in the relations of two sisters, Miriam and Helen, with their surroundings. In their opposed attitudes toward the Moors, they suggest the juxtaposition of Eustacia Vye and Thomasin in "The Return of the Native"; in their instability and unexpectedness, they remind one of D. H. Lawrence's heroines in "The Rainbow" and "Women in Love." In other words, "Moor Fires" seems a more derived, as it is certainly a less mature and finished work than "William." But though the action is arbitrary, the emotion is sincere and thoroughly felt. The book has a freshness and spontaneity which put it above a mechanical performance like "The Mallets."

Red Sky at Morning, by Margaret Kennedy. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

ANOTHER book by an author from whom much is expected. "The Constant Nymph" was an entrancing combination of paradoxical human characters whose eccentricity to the social orbit was accounted for by their development in a world of their own. Miss Kennedy has tried once more the same trick—it must be admitted, with less success. The twins, William and Emily Crowne, are set apart, not by being brought up in an artistic *milieu*, but by their father's reputation, vaguely compounded of sin and crime. Miss Kennedy gives them a certain frail loveliness, as of ephemeridæ, but their action remains unexplained on any hypothesis, even that of the desire of the moth for the star. They are excusable by reason of the impossibility of the people who represent the real world about them, but that does not make them more plausible.

Ideals, by Evelyn Scott. New York: A. and C. Boni. $2.50.

IT IS a relief to turn from the many ill-brewed or half-baked concoctions, with arbitrary characters and loosely strung plots, to the closely wrought figures which Mrs. Scott gives us in "Ideals." Every one of them, Queenie Abrams, the ladylike saleswoman with a boy friend; Henry Ellis, the conscientious accountant with a wife and daughter; Herbert Young, the connoisseur of art and life, with a

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family and a casual love; Mother Immaculate Heart, on the brink of an adventure; Hortense and Jim, American Negro entertainers in Algiers, persuade us of Mrs. Scott's versatility and penetration. And of her thoroughness. She misses no single point. Word, gesture, thought are woven precisely into pattern. Naturalism seems to have spoken its last word. And yet the very perfection of Mrs. Scott's workmanship leaves us with a sense of frustration and futility, which the irony of the title exasperates. "Is this all?" we ask plaintively. "It is all," says Mrs. Scott resolutely.

Love in Chartres, by Nathan Asch. New York: A. and C. Boni. $2.50.

IN "Love in Chartres," Mr. Asch has taken an episode in the lives of two Americans, a young writer and a girl, who meet at Chartres, and love, and part there. The method is curiously impersonal, everything about the characters except what is necessary to the situation being rigidly suppressed, even their names. It is nevertheless highly factual in the play of the environment upon the two lives, with the cathedral looming grandly above their trivial human destinies. It is also typical; it might be called an allegory of sex and art, if Mr. Asch were not insistent upon suppressing any hint of a second intention. His method, like Mrs. Scott's, implies a skepticism toward pretentious schemes of human values. In his economy of substance, his laconic style, Mr. Asch seems to refuse any compromise with implications beyond the facts, and these are bitter.

The Water Is Wide, by Martin Armstrong. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

MR. ARMSTRONG has returned to the English countryside with a tale of disarming simplicity and honesty, built upon one of the great tragic themes of the world. Kate Patten marries old Squire Humphreys and falls in love with his son. The story misses being a masterpiece only because it is written in too low a key. One does not hear the overtones. It has the logic of tragedy without the emotion. Mr. Asch, in "Love in Chartres," makes no special plea for his characters. His detachment is complete. But in the case of Mr. Armstrong's heroine, we feel that she is there to stir our sympathy, our pity—and the full response does not come. We take her to our minds, not our hearts. R. M. L.

Contributors

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